

Glen 43A

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

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THE
CHARMER;
A CHOICE
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS,
SCOTS and ENGLISH.

*From words so sweet, new grace the notes receive,
And Musick borrows helps she us'd to give.*

TICKEL.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH,

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1815

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A CHOICE COLLECTION of SONGS.

SINGING charms the blest above;
Angels sing, and saints approve:
All we below
Of heav'n can know,
Is that they both sing and love.

Anna hath an angel's air;
As sweet her notes, her face as fair:
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

Savage nature conquer'd lyes,
All in wonder and surprize;
Hearts a firing,
Souls expiring,
By her charming notes and eyes.

Let the viol and the harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

The Happy Man.

I Envy not Sir Courtly Nice,
Secure from pomp, and free from vice,
I pass my days with ease,
I pass, &c.

The man who will not be a knave,
 And scorns to be a fawning slave,
 Has but himself to please,
 Has, &c.

The world and all its glittering toys
 Consists in hurry, show and noise,
 Whilst in a crowd we live.

Thank heaven, I share a better fate,
 And blest enjoy, in humbler state,
 The sweets that quiet give.

My book, my garden, field and fair,
 Are all my pleasures, all my care,
 Nor with I greater bliss.

Each day to me fresh beauties rise
 From these and Isabella's eyes,
 Still sweetned by a kiss.

Tune, How happy could I be with either.

ON courting I went to my lass,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May,
 When before her I look'd like an ass,
 The never a word I cou'd say.
 I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully resolved to woo her,
 But may I ne'er be worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.

But I asked which way was the wind?
 For I thought on some talk I must enter.
 Why, Sir, she made answer, and grinn'd,
 Have you just sent your wits on a venture?

That

That I look'd like a fool, you'll allow,
 As often I have done before :
 But, meaning my courage to show,
 I look'd like a fool once more.

I prest her hand close to my breast,
 Then my heart was as light as a feather ;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But, Madam, 'tis mighty fine weather.
 To an arbour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to sit down by her ;
 But I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

That I was a blockhead, is plain,
 For, wanting something to amuse me,
 Instead of revealing my pain,
 I unluckily humm'd out---Excuse me.
 Next, I follow'd her into the house,
 There vow'd, I my fortune wou'd try :
 But there was I mute as a mouse.
 O what a dull booby was I !

The Je ne sçai quoi.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
 The pleasing plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel :
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;

And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'tis that bewitching charm
 Of Celia altogether.

The Shepherd's Wedding.

A M Y N T O R.

Pastora's come, with myrtle crown'd,
 To bless her fond Amyntor's side ;
 The sun in his extensive round
 Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a bride.

P A S T O R A.

If to be true, is sweet and fair,
 Pastora with Lucinda vies,
 And sweeter she, than is the air
 That fleets beneath Arabian skies.

A M Y N T O R.

The fields, the groves, each hill and vale,
 Have witness'd to my faithful vow ;
 Long had I sigh'd my am'rous tale,
 But ev'ry care's requited now.

P A S T O R A.

Without a blush, I here repeat
 What to the Nymphs I told before ;
 For thee my tender heart does beat,
 Possess of thee I ask no more.

Thus

A M Y N T O R.

Thus with this wreath I crown thy brow,
 And with this kiss my love I seal ;
 And may I, when I break my vow,
 The pangs of tortur'd lovers feel.

P A S T O R A.

Shou'd I, ungrateful to my swain,
 Afflict him with domestic strife ;
 May I be driven from the plain
 By ev'ry virtuous maid and wife.

AT Upton on the hill,
 There lives a happy pair ;
 The swain, his name is Will,
 And Molly is the fair ;
 Ten years are gone and more,
 Since Hymen join'd these two ;
 Their hearts were one, before
 The sacred rites they knew.

Since which auspicious day,
 Sweet harmony does reign ;
 Both love, and both obey ;
 Hear this each Nymph and swain.
 If haply cares invade,
 As who is free from care ?
 Th' impression's lighter made
 By taking each a share.

Pleas'd with a calm retreat,
 They've no ambitious view ;
 In plenty live, not state,
 Nor envy those that do.

sure pomp is empty noise,
 And cares increase with wealth ;
 They aim at truer joys,
 Tranquillity and health.

With safety and with ease
 Their present life doth flow ;
 They fear no raging seas,
 Nor rocks that lurk below :
 May still a steady gale
 Their little bark attend,
 And gently fill each sail,
 'Till life itself shall end.

Answer to the Amazon.

Wou'd you paint the charming fair,
 Form'd to soothe my rising care ;

Let her person graceful be ;
 She's the only girl for me.

Let her features all express
 Beauty, love and tenderness ;
 Let her face and mind agree :
 She's the only girl for me.

She whose radiant eyes impart
 Comfort to the captive heart ;
 Where we pow'r and pity see :
 She's the only girl for me.

Silken smiles, and dimpl'd sleek,
 Tincture on her blooming cheek ;
 Let all art a stranger be :
 She's the only girl for me.

In whose lovely form we find
 All that's courteous, all that's kind ;
 From affected vapours free:
 She's the only girl for me.

If on earth a nymph there dwell
 Who doth thus her sex excel,
 Wife and viruous, fair and free,
 Brightest Bella, thou art she.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me :
 She's me forfook for a great duke,
 And to endless woe she's left me.
 A star and garter have more art,
 'Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall e'er more move
 My injur'd heart again to love ;
 'Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me.
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me.

S U S A N N A.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air ;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble through the grove ;
 Bid wanton linnets quit their spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

M I R A.

WHEN Mira arm'd with frowns her brow,
 In spite of love, in reason's spite,
 Pride steel'd my heart, I scorn'd to bow,
 But now her smiles unman me quite.
 Give me again those cloudy skies,
 That screen'd me from the piercing ray:
 Veil, Mira, those bewitching eyes
 That steal my soul and sense away.

SOFT invader of my soul,
 Love, who can thy pow'r controul!
 All that haunt earth, air and sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee;
 All the dear enchanting day,
 Celia steals my heart away;
 All the tedious lonely night,
 Celia swims before my sight.
 Happy, happy were the swain,
 Who might such a prize obtain;
 Other joys he need not prove,
 Blest enough in Celia's love.

Open, gen'rous, free from art,
 Virtue reigns within her heart;
 Modesty and truth combin'd,
 Suit her person to her mind.

All that temptingly beguiles,
 Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smiles;
 Every charm, and every grace,
 Shine in Celia's beauteous face.
 Open, gen'rous, &c.

Sportive Zephyrs, gently blowing,
 Spreading odours thro' the air;
 Blooming life on groves bestowing,
 To Vauxhall my Celia bear.
 Flora can't more sweetly bless me,
 When playing, strewing round her charms;
 Than when Celia's smiles address me,
 Sighing, dying in her arms.
 Sportive Zephyrs, &c.

WHAT lives are so happy as those of the fair,
 Who seldom one moment from pleasure can spare;
 And leave to their husbands reflection and care?

Such, such is the life of a Belle.

All morning, while others are up and employ'd,
 She's dreaming of pleasures last night she enjoy'd;
 While Betty for orders attends by her side.

Such, such, &c.

She rises at noon, and just slips on her gown,
 Calls a chair to the door, and away round the town,
 And just about two in the park is set down.

Such, such, &c.

Then trips up the mall, and soon joins with the rest,
 Of each awkward creature she meets makes a jest;
 Kills two or three beaux, and away to be drest.

Such, such, &c.

Her

Her dinner and dressing employ her till eve ;
 Some troublesome tradesman to see her begs leave ;
 But the coach at the door soon procures a reprove.

Such, such, &c.

She seldom attends either high church or low,
 But never is absent where other Belles go ;
 Nor scruples to pray, if the fashion be so.

Such, such, &c.

All evening she visits, drinks tea, plays her fan,
 Collects all the news and chit chat that she can ;
 And wonders her sex can be fond of a man.

Such, such, &c.

The plays, balls and operas, at night she attends,
 And sometimes quadrille, with a few female friends ;
 And sometimes in secret ; but here my song ends.

Such, such is the life of a Belle.

IN vain, Philander, at my feet
 You urge your guilty flame ;
 With well dissembled tears entreat,
 New oaths and impious vows repeat,
 And wrong love's sacred name.

Ah ! cease to call that passion love,
 Whose end is to betray :
 Shou'd I comply, too soon you'd prove
 What sensual views your ardour move,
 And your affections sway.

And when, to all my fondness blind,
 You'd chace me from your breast ;
 Deluded wretch, where cou'd I find
 That calm content, and peace of mind,
 Which I before possess'd ?

The ADIEU.

A DIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow;
 Ye vernal airs, that softly blow;
 Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd;
 Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade,
 Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my soul could fly,
 Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh;
 But, forc'd from Celia's smiles to part,
 All joy deserts my drooping heart,
 All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the rosy morn,
 When flow'rs the dewy field adorn;
 Unfully'd as the genial ray,
 That warms the gentle breeze of May,
 That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
 And add new splendor to the year;
 Improve the day with fresh delight,
 And gild with joy the dreary night,
 And gild, &c.

TO gain my gentle Jessy
 What labour would seem hard?
 Each toilsome task how easy?
 Her love the sweet reward.
 The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe;
 The sweet reward obtaining
 Of honey all the year.

Polly Willis.

Attend, ye ever tuneful swains,
 Who in persuasive lulling strains,
 Of Chloe sing or Phillis:
 Tho' mean my skill, and rude my verse,
 Upbraid me not, while I rehearse
 The charms of Polly Willis.

To beautify my artless thought,
 No simile shall here be brought
 From roses, pinks or lilies;
 Some common beauties they may hit,
 But sure, no simile can fit
 The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair,
 Her rising forehead round and fair,
 Above my greatest skill is.
 How then, ye swains, shall be express'd
 The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast
 Of dearest Polly Willis?

She's not like Venus on the flood,
 Or as she once in Ida stood:
 Nor mortal Amaryllis.

Frame all that's beautiful and fair,
 Of pleasing form and lovely air,
 And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time should wear her charms away,
 (All beauty must in time decay)
 Within her power there still is
 A charm more lasting to secure,
 I mean the virt'ous mind and pure
 Of dearest Polly Willis.

TELL

TELL me no more, ye simple swains,
Of broken hearts and am'rous pains,
'Tis madness all and folly :

Your Claras, and your Chloes too,
Your Celiass, and the Lord knows who,
Must all submit to Molly.

In lifeless song, and rugged verse,
Shall ev'ry sop the nymph rehearse,

To whom his heart's affected.
Shall shop-house girls in numbers shine,
And draw admiring fools to dine,
And Molly be neglected ?

No, trust me, while this head of mine,
Can furnish out a single line ;

Or but a verse indite ;
While any signs of life remain,
Or this right hand can guide a pen,
In Molly's praise I'll write.

I scorn to sing my Molly's praise,
In all the mean and vulgar lays,
Compos'd for other lasses :

No sayings of the greatest wit,
Nor similes the nymph can fit,
Who all the world surpasses ?

When Molly sits with graceful air,
Amidst the circles of the fair ;

She seems to my pleas'd fancy :
Like ——— what ! like Molly, when between
The fair she sits with graceful mien :
By heav'n, that's all you can say.

Tune, *Blow, blow*, &c. in Imitation of SHAKESPEAR.

BLLOW, blow, thou summer's breeze,
O ! gently fan the trees ;

That form yon fragrant bower ;

VOL. II.

B

Where

Where Anna, loveliest maid,
On nature's carpet laid,
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle, bat and owl,
The hagworm, newt and toad ;
But fairy elves unseen
May gambol o'er the green,
And circle her abode.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In party colour'd streams,
Thou fount of heat and light :
No, no, withdraw thy ray,
Her eyes diffuse a day,
As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May,
Ye flowers your homage pay
To one more fair and sweet :
Ye op'ning rose buds shade
With fragrance, twine her head ;
Ye lillies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou chrystal rill,
With tinkling gurgles fill
The mazes of the grove :
And shou'd thy murm'ring stream
Invite my love to dream,
O ! may she dream of love.

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir,
And melt to fond desire
Her too obdurate breast :
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll steal into the bow'r
And teach her to be blest.

Tune

Tune, Happy hours all hours exceeding.

WHEN Aurora gilds the morning,
With a sweet delightful ray,

Blooming flowers the fields adorning,
In the charming month of May :

Then how pleasant and contented,
Lives the lowly country clown

In the valley, unfrequented,
By the knaves who crowd to town.

With the early lark awaking,
He enjoys the chearful day ;

Labour ev'ry hour partaking,
Whistling thought and care away.

Nature all his toil befriending,
Of her treasure he's possess'd ;

Health and peace his life attending,
Is the monarch half so blest ?

Birds his list'ning ear enchanting,
Verdant hills and dales his sight ;

Nothing to his sense is wanting,
Which can give him true delight.

Love with innocence combining,
His unsettl'd heart alarms ;

Like the flowers in garlands twining,
Sweetly various in its charms.

Happy clown, who thus possesses,
Pleasure unalloy'd with strife :

Wisdom nothing more caresses
Than the humble vale of life.

Knave's delight in riches gaining,
Grandeur is by fools admir'd ;

All that wise men wish obtaining,
Is to live and die retir'd.

Tune,

Tune, When Fanny blooming fair.

WHAT though thy face may vie
 With roses red and white,
 And in thy smiling eye
 The little loves delight :
 Vain would those beauties prove,
 Long to preserve my heart ;
 How weak the chains of love
 Which fancy may dispart.

To eye the blooming morn,
 Sometimes we take delight,
 Sometimes her blushes scorn,
 And wish the sable night.
 Some brown girl I may view,
 With looks of glossy jet,
 And thy fair rosy hue,
 For her new charms, forget.

But where shall ere I find
 A gentle soul like thine ?
 An easy chearful mind,
 Still fond t' enliven mine ?
 No, ----- while the bee shall drink
 The vi'lets balmy dew ;
 My constant heart can think
 No nymph so sweet as you.

On Miss P---y F---R's leaving the Country.

Tune, Old carl shall ne'er danton me.

AH! Celia's gone, ah ! Celia's gone,
 Alas ! my charming Celia's gone ;
 The groves all over now appear
 A lonely desert all the year.

The

The groves, once Eden for delight,
Can please no more, no more invite.

Ah me! the lovely nymph now gone,
I sigh, disconsolate, alone;

Shall worthless life my care employ,
In absence of my only joy?

Ah, weary me! what shall I do,
When Celia is no more in view?

Ye heav'nly powers, propitious shine
On Celia, like yourselves divine.

Restore her to my wonted arms,
With all her beauties, all her charms;

Then lasting gratitude shall raise
A thousand altars to your praise.

MY roving heart has oft with pride
dissolv'd love's silken chain;

The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pain.
And scorn'd, &c.

But from Thee fount, resistless stream,

Such charms, as must controul,
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest brightest soul.
The noblest, &c.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,

Life's sand unheeded runs;
With thee I'll hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer's suns:
And talk, &c.

Our loves congenial, still the same,

With equal force shall shine;
No cloy'd desires can damp the flame,
Which friendship will refine.
Which friendship, &c.

IF you my wand'ring heart wou'd find,
 That heart, you say, is like the wind
 That varies here, that wanders there ;
 To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair :
 I say, if then, this heart you'd find,
 Turn to your own unsettl'd mind :
 If e're it wanders, 'tis to be
 In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle, when you fly,
 And shun this faithful votary ?
 It oft a nymph that's fair doth find,
 But never yet the nymph that's kind.
 If you wou'd fix this wand'ring heart,
 Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart
 But in the pangs of death will prove,
 It wander'd but to fix your love.

The Protestation.

HARSH command! what, cease to love you?
 First shall planets quit their sphere,
 Ere I value ought above thee,
 Or think woman half so dear.

First, the trees shall cease to blossom,
 And the birds forget to sing ;
 Death shall tear thee from my bosom,
 And with thee each earthly thing.

'TIS not on Chloe's heav'nly face,
 My ever constant love I place,
 Nor on her sparkling eyes:

For

For beauty, like the new blown flow'r
Lives but the glory of an hour,
And then for ever dies.

Far greater sweets than Flora yields
In May, to deck the flow'ry fields,
In Chloe now appear.

Her wit and sense enchant mankind,
And all the graces of her mind
Are blooming through the year.

When on her cheek the rose will fade,
Which now adorns the lovely maid,
And beauty's prime is o'er,
The swains shall see with ravish'd eyes,
That Chloe wrinkling age defies,
And charms when youth's no more.

For envi'us time, who has the pow'r,
Her transient graces to devour,
Her mind's bright charms display,
And as the hours of life decline,
She like the setting sun will shine,
With mild, yet sweeter ray.

Tune, *Oh! the charming Month of May.*

OH! how rapt'rous 'tis to dream
Near the gently purling stream.
Oh! how charms the whisp'ring breeze,
Waving through the leafy trees:
How delights the milk white dove,
Fondly billing with her love.
Quite delicious 'tis to see,
In the hive the honey-bee.

Oh!

Oh! how sweet the flow'rs of May,
 And the breath of new made hay.
 Oh! how pleasant is the spring,
 When the feather'd warblers sing.
 Oh! the bliss, the sheep to view,
 And the little lambkins too :
 But sweeter still to tune my lays,
 In divine Florella's praise.

Tune, Black ey'd Susan

THE sun now length'ned ev'ry shade,
 When Strephon to fair Celia came,
 Much much he lov'd the beauteous maid,
 And she too felt an equal flame ;
 But fate, alas, the nuptial bliss deny'd,
 He kiss'd her cheek, and thus with passion cry'd :
 How easy do the numbers move,
 That sing of thee, supremely fair,
 Thou hast tun'd all my soul to love,
 And breath'd uncommon rapture there !
 Oh, let me on thy breast my head recline,
 There sigh, and wish the lovely Celia mine.
 Gay, blooming, as the summer's rose,
 Fresh as the morn at early dawn,
 Soft as the softest down that grows
 Beneath the pinion of the swan.
 Oh, let me, &c.
 Mild as the show'rs that glad the spring,
 Pure as the dove, without a fault,
 Sprightly, as linnets when they sing,
 All innocent, as angels thought.
 Oh, let me, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Happy Dick.*

HOW comes it, neighbour Dick,
Just when your age is winter,
You needs must try a trick,
And on a young one venture?

Silly Dick.

Do'st think that youth can warm
That frozen trunk of thine, man,
Or thy gray hairs can charm
A virgin in her prime, man?

Silly Dick.

Or that you can prevent
With your cough-broken kisses,
The wrong'd and suffering saint
To send to heav'n her wishes?

Silly Dick.

Think e'er you turn a child,
If yet your head's not addle,
The nurse you have beguil'd
To rock you in a cradle.

Silly Dick.

How will her maiden bloom,
Become so odd an action ;
To wait you in your room,
And serve you with decoction?

Silly Dick.

Or when the cough is clear'd,
To tend you with a towel ;
And wipe the chops besmear'd
Of her old doating jewel?

Silly Dick.

If you must have an heir,
And for her sake had rather

That

That she the lad should bear,
Then let her chuse the father.

Silly Dick.

For granting, you should do
A marvel when ye marry,
The wrinkles on your brow
Wou'd make your spouse miscarry.

Silly Dick.

'Tis waggish love betrays
To frolick thus and caper ;
So like the midnight maze,
Of a sepulchre vapour.

Silly Dick.

NOT Celia, that I'm more sincere,
Or am less apt to rove ;
Do I a heart so faithful bear,
so constant in its love.

In faith, my Celia, like the rest,
From fair to fair I'd range ;
But that 'tis more my interest
Still to love one than change.

All charms, which others recommend,
In thee alone I find :

Beauty and temper kindly blend
The handsome and the kind.

Then why should I unconstant prove,

Why other nymphs pursue ;

When here I have all I can love ?

'Tis prudence to be true.

SWEET tyrant, love, oh ! hear me now,
And help to ease a love-sick heart ;
Or rather aid my trembling vow,
And teach me to reveal my smart.

Tell

Tell her whose goodness is my bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away;
 Oh ! whisper how she gives me pain,
 While undesigning frank and gay.
 'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
 Nor what the vulgar beauty call ;
 'Tis not her cheek, her lip, her eye,
 But 'tis the soul that lights them all.
 For that I drop the tender tear,
 For that I make the artless moan ;
 Oh ! whisper love into her ear,
 And make the bashful lover known.

DID Fanny ask me too, unkind,
 What joy with her my heart could find ?
 Ah ! am I then to thee unknown ?
 Or why with coy and cold disdain,
 Thus cruel, thus insult my pain,
 Who die for you alone ?

Time was, ah ! now, no longer mine,
 When the gay friend, the joys of wine,
 A shady grove, or rural scene,
 Could tune my youthful soul to sing,
 And all my hours with pleasure wing :
 Heav'ns ! what a change has been ?

Since first I saw those eyes of thine,
 Nor the gay friend, nor joys of wine,
 Nor rural scene, nor shady grove,
 Can bid my melancholy cease.
 Tune me to sing, or sooth to peace,
 For now, alas ! I love.

I wander like the smitten fawn,
 Thee absent, find of day no dawn;
 'Tis night around me, dark and deep;
 Ah! nymph, this heart is full of thee,
 Witness, alas! these eyes for me,
 These eyes you teach to weep.

Oh! come and bring thy joys along,
 For thee, my love, I'll tune the song,
 Thou bind thy poet's brows with green,
 And smile while ye my temples crown,
 My mind grows darkn'd at your frown,
 And at your smile serene.

Answer to Stella and Flavia.

STella and Flavia please no more,
 No more our hearts surprize;
 In Trelia's soul lyes Stella's pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

Now bounded Flavia's conquests are
 And Stella's more confin'd:
 All must admire a face so fair,
 And all so fair a mind.

Like eastern sway was Flavia's reign,
 Like GEORGE's, Stella's power:
 But all commanding Jove must deign,
 This compound to adore.

Then cease fair Trelia, cease thy care
 For beauty's second store;
 The less thy charms of face appear,
 Thy charms of mind the more.

Answer

Another Answer to Stella and Flavia.

STella's bright soul may charm each hour,
 And so may Flavia's eyes ;
 But how resistless is her power
 Who does with both surprise ?

Fair Emma's bright expressive eyes,
 Her brighter soul declare ;
 And whilst they speak her wond'rous wife,
 We see her wond'rous fair.

Whilst Flavia over barren lands,
 Like Eastern tyrant reigns ;
 Like Britain's monarch Emma stands,
 The pride of lands and plains.

Pleas'd, we behold a beauteous face ;
 But far more joy we find,
 When in each heav'nly look we trace
 A far more heav'nly mind.

*Upon a Candle, by two Gentlemen.**Tune, Last of Patie's Mill.*

I. GENTLEMAN.

IN vain my taper burns,
 And lends its feeble ray ;
 Until my fair returns,
 How tedious is delay ?
 When Stella is away,
 The sun's no longer bright :
 Her presence brings the day,
 Her absence leaves the night.

2. GENTLEMAN.

When Phebus' beams are gone,
 And Cynthia's face we view ;

Each mortal eye would mourn,
 Were't not for help from you:
 For, aided by thy glance,
 I Mira's charms still find;
 But wish thee kick'd to France,
 Whene'er the fair seems kind.

R I C H M O N D.

Tune, To you fair Ladies now at Land.

FROM o'er the park and meadows fine,
 Just as the sun does rise;
 To you, who, till the clock strikes nine,
 Do ne'er uncloſe your eyes:
 Then over ſnuff, and tea, and news,
 Your ſummer hours contented loſe.
Fa la la la, &c.

'Tis ſweet to taſte the morning air,
 Where ſawns around us play;
 And drops of dew, as di'monds fair,
 Strew all the glitt'ring way:
 To view the hill, the ſtream, the trees,
 To hear the birds, and feel the breeze.

The crowded ſtreet is your delight,
 And rattling coach to hear;
 The watchman's ſolemn voice by night
 Is muſick to your ear:
 You aſk not when the vi'let blows,
 Nor care you for the op'ning roſe.
 Here I, ſecure from ſtrife and care,
 Seek, when the evening's nigh,

My

My little room that's clean and square,

And but one story high ;

Where envy cannot find a place,

Nor malice show her fallow face.

Let fordid minds, of wealth possess'd,

To Mammon altars raise ;

Ambition be with power bless'd,

And vanity with praise :

But fortune is a fickle dame,

And double tongu'd, alas, is same.

Give me hard penury to chace

From haunting of my door ;

And let a chearful temper grace

My small, but honest store :

To this, and all my wishes end,

The useful book, the faithful friend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Tune, *Alloa-house*.

AS a clear silent stream crept pensive along,
And the winds murmur'd, solemn, the willows
among ;

On the green turf, complaining, a swain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river, and sigh'd to the wind.

In vain, cry'd he, nature has waken'd the spring,
In vain bloom the violets, the nightingales sing ;
To a heart full of sorrows, no beauties appear,
Each Zephyr's a sigh, and each dew drop's a tear.

In vain, my Zelinda has graces to move
The fairest to envy, the wisest to love.

Her presence no longer gives joy to my eye;
And without her to live, is more pain than to die.

O! that slumber its pinions would over me spread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her stead:
The beautiful vision would soften my pain,
But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

The wretch that, like me, is heart-wounded with care,
Is deluded with hope, and undone by despair;
His pangs, ever waking, deny him repose;
And the moments but vary, to vary his woes.

WHERE have you been, my lovely sailor bold,
Why will you leave me here for the sake of
curfed gold;

What tho' my father he is cross, my mother she is kind;
Therefore, my father's crossness, dear Jonny, never mind.

Alas! my dearest Nanny with joy I do receive,
But your father's crossness indeed did make me grieve:
But since your mother's kind, your father I don't fear,
So pray now go and fetch her, she'll joy to see me here.

You are the only girl, dear Nanny, I adore,
But long I cannot stay, I soon must quit the shore.
These words, my dearest Jonny, do cut me to the heart,
To think that you are going, so soon I cannot part.

Why will you sail the seas where stormy winds do blow,
When you may stay at home, love, in safety you do know?
Why will you sail the seas, where stormy winds they be,
When you may stay at home, in safety, love, with me?

He said, I'm now a servant unto the king, you know,
And, when that he commands me, I'm forced for to go;
Therefore, my dearest Nanny, be not cast down or sad,
For, of all other callings, a sailor's the best lad.

She

She said I love a sailor, they have the best of hearts,
 They keep us from our enemies, and sail to foreign parts;
 They bring us wealth from India, for to increase our store;
 And were it not for sailors, the land would be but poor.

But yet, my dearest Jonny, so soon I cannot part;
 To think that you are going, it cuts me to the heart:
 He said, since I must go, cheer up my Nanny dear,
 I'll rifle all the Indies, and bring you treasure here.

With many pretty fancies for to enrich our store,
 Sufficient to maintain us together, love, on shore:
 Then kissing of her coral lips, young Jonny took his leave,
 And left his dearest Nanny his absence for to grieve.

The Perfections of true Love.

THERE liv'd, long ago, in a country place,
 A clever young lad who lov'd a young lass;
 She lov'd him again, and, oh! wonder to hear,
 No offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.
 No offers, &c.

The lord of the manour took it in his head,
 To tempt her to leave him, and come to his bed;
 He offer'd her jewels, and baubles, and rings;
 But she slighted his offers, refus'd his gay things.

He told her, he'd make her as fine as a queen,
 Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen;
 But she said, linsley-woolsey and bone-lace wou'd serve,
 And rather than please him, she'd venture to starve.

He told her, he'd give her a pad to rid out,
 Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to travel about;
 She thank'd him, but said, she cou'd very well walk;
 And shou'd she have a coach, how the neighbours wou'd
 talk.

He said, for the neighbours, he'd make it his care,
That not even the parson on Sundays should dare
To censure her conduct, or offer to blame
Her manner of living, or blast her good name.

She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
For jewels or gold shou'd ne'er bribe her consent ;
Her heart was another's, and so shou'd remain,
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of gain.

The RIVALS, by John Philips.

Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

THUS, while by you the British arms
Triumph, and distant fame pursue ;
The yielding fair resigns her charms,

And gives you leave to conquer too :
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,

Upon her lips what sweetness dwells ?
Not love himself so oft beguiles,

Nor Venus' self so much excels :
What different fates our passions share,
While you enjoy and I despair ?

Maria's form as I survey,

Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
Each feature steals my soul away,

Each glance deprives me of my heart ;
And chacing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,

And, sighing, hopes no kind return ;

Yet

Yet for the lov'd relentless fair,
 By night I wake, by day I burn ;
 Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
 Or soothe my pain, or close my eye.

WELCOME sun and southern show'rs,
 Harbingers of birds and flow'rs ;
 Farewel balls and masquerades,
 Welcome grots and cooling shades ;
 Blooming May approaches near,
 The lowing of the herds we hear ;
 The fat'ning lambs around us bleat,
 While daisies spring beneath our feet.

Birds are percht on every spray,
 Warbling notes to praise the day ;
 A thousand herbs their fragrance yield,
 And cowslips cover all the field ;
 Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
 London, from thy smoak and thee ;
 Welcome joys more pure and true.
 Drums and routs, adieu, adieu.

The British Beauties, by Lord Middlesex.

Tune, To you fair Ladies now at Land.

TO toast the fair of Britain's isle,
 In verse, I here intend ;
 But, if these fair refuse to smile,
 My labour's at an end:
 Tho' Bacchus and the muses join
 To help each thought, inspire each line.
 Fa la la la, &c.

But

But Shirley, see, with matchless grace,

Calls forth my willing muse ;

And kindly says, with smiling face,

She'll not her aid refuse.

Drink then to her whose charms inspire,

At once, with awe and soft desire.

To Bedford next, resistless fair,

We put the glass about ;

Whose charms so bright and fatal are,

That future times will doubt,

Which of the two will cost most sighs,

Or Marlborough's sword, or Spencer's eyes.

In this, we health to Darcy send,

To Darcy young and gay ;

And see what crouds her steps attend,

Their homage due to pay :

Swiftly the bees on eager wing,

Around, the prime of all the spring.

Haste, drink to Bertie's sparkling eyes,

E'er to the bridegroom's arms

She yields herself a willing prize,

With all her hidden charms :

O were these charms but giv'n to me,

As happy as a prince I'd be !

Let Wyndham, next, our wine inspire,

And raise each ravish'd sense ;

More blest with beauty, than her fire

With manly eloquence :

For cou'd his tongue charm like her eyes,

Even Walpole's self must yield the prize.

So next at William's shrine we bow,

By youthful beauty led ;

As wild as kids upon the brow

Of their own mountains fed :

As wanton and as wild as they,
She too, like them, must love obey.

Tho' you, O Mansel, last we toast,

Be not to us severe ;

When flight, or dangers urge, the post

Of honour's in the rear ;

Think then what honour's giv'n to you,

When dreadful youths like us pursue.

An ODE, by Mr. Prior.

Tune, Black ey'd Susan.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight,

Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest ;

Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right

To triumph o'er this destin'd breast ?

My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,

For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely

On power, you know, I must obey ;

Exert a legal tyranny,

And do an ill, because you may ?

Still must I thee, as Atheists heav'n adore,

Not see thy mercy, and but dread thy pow'r ?

Take heed my dear, youth flies apace,

As well as Cupid, time is blind ;

Soon must these glories of thy face

The fate of vulgar beauty find.

The thousand loves that arm thy potency,

Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown

A hateful wrinkle more appears ;

And putting peevish humours on,

Seems but the sad effect of years.

Kind-

Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,

Will show thee just above neglect;

The heat, with which thy lover glows,

Will settle into cold respect;

A talking dull Platonic I shall turn,

Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,

Kindness and constancy will prove

The only pillars fit to bear

So vast a weight, as that of love.

If thou canst wish to make my flame endure,

Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,

Obeys kind Cupid's present voice;

Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,

And give thy soul a loose to joys:

Let millions of repeated blessings prove,

That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

Be mine, and only mine, take care

Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide

To me alone, nor come so far

As liking any youth beside:

What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe

They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,

When beauty ceases to engage:

So thinking on thy charming youth,

I'll love it o'er again in age.

So time itself our raptures shall improve,

While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From love's imperial chain,
 Take warning, and be taught by me,
 T'avoid th' enchanting pain :
 Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove ;
 To careless seamen, hidden rocks,
 To human quiet, love.
 Fly the fair sex, if blifs you prize,
 The snake's beneath the flow'r ;
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
 That tasted quiet more ?
 How short-liv'd is the lover's joy,
 How constant is their care ;
 The kind with falshood to destroy,
 The cruel with despair ?

The broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blythe, ilk morn, was I to see
 The swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me :
 I met him with good will.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ew.
 I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay :
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
 O the broom, &c.

He

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by :
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play :
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er fae rich and gay.

Hard fate, that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithful be ?
 He sta' my heart ; cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee four whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly uselefs by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there ;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care.

N A N N Y---O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save mysel', and without stealth,
 Kifs and carefs my Nanny---O.
 She bids mair fair t'engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did, or Danae---O.
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 Nane else shou'd sit but Nanny---O.

How

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When, dancing, she moves finely---O.
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny---O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny---O.
 My lovely charming Nanny---O.
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny---O.

By Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Tune, *The yellow Hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
 Amongst all your number, a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs;
 A bosom so flinty; so gentle an air;
 Inspires me with hope; and yet bids me despair?

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;

When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire ;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

DUMBARTON's Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny---O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny---O,
How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie---O ?
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me---O,
For his graceful looks do invite me---O :
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no wars alarms,
Neither danger no death shall e'er fright me---O.

My love is a handsome laddie---O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy---O :
Tho' commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie---O.
A soldier has honour and bravery---O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery---O :
He minds no other thing,
But the ladies or the king:
For every other care is but slavery---O.

Then

Then I'll be the captain's lady--O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy---O:
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready-- O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny--O,
 They are sprightly, like my dear Jonny---O :
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie-- O ?

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JONNY.

TH O' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented;
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye :

D 2

Your

Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye,
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my rest, night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icehoggles hammer red gadds on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Brittons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins, c'er I deceive thee.

MY DEARY IF YOU DIE.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.
 If fate shall tear thee from my breast;
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams, the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see;
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this, that, like the Morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virt'ous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 Ye who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glass then.
 Keek into the draw wall,
 Janet Jo, Janet Jo.
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
 My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd my fell for sin.
 Had the better be the brae,
 Had the better be the brae.

Good fir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Ae pair may gen ye haff a year.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking;
 If they shou'd see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they wou'd be tauking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Syne a' their fauts will not be seen.

Kind fir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the crofs then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a paceing horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 But like it never wale a man.

O'ER

O'ER BOGIE.

I Will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,

I dinna care a strae ;

Tho' ilka ane be discontent,

Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,

And wordy of my hand,

And well I wat we shanna part

For siller or for land.

Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,

And beaux admire fine lace,

But my chief pleasure is to blink

On Betty's bonny face.

There a' the beauties do combine,

Of colour, treats and air,

The faul that sparkles in her een

Makes her a jewel rare :

Her flowing wit gives shining life

To a' her other charms ;

How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,

And lock't up in my arms !

A kifs of Betty, and a smile,

Albeit ye wad lay down

The right you hae to Britain's isle,

And offer me your crown ;

Then blythly will I rant and sing,

While o'er her sweets I range,

I'll cry, your humble servant, King,

Shamefa' them that wa'd change.

THE

THE MILL, MILL---O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still---O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will---O :
 Her bosom I preßt, but, sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill---O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill---O.
 Oblig'd, by command, in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill---O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',
 For the wind blew fair on the bill---O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
 Tald me, with voice right shrill---O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill---O.
 Mair fond of har charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying, speer'd how she fell---O.
 With the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell---O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her all fears expel---O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Who had done her the deed mysell---O.
 My bonny sweet las, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the shilling-hill---O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill---O.
 O the mill, mill---O, and the kill, kill---O,
 And the cogging of the wheel---O ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a solger reel---O.

By Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Tune, *Gallowshiels*.

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the redning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 'Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breath my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

BONNY BESSY.

Tune, *Bessie's Haggise*.

BESSY's beauties shine sae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.

Bonny

Bonny Bessy, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.
 Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.
 Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must entice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, - but a woman,
 Of a temper, kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teeze ye.

*ADVICE to the LADIES,
 Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.*

Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If aught too much I do;
 Permit me, while I sing my song,
 To give a lesson too.
 Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace;
 'Tis this, and only this, can add
 New lustre to your face.
 'Tis this, which paints the virgin cheeks,
 Beyond the power of art,

And

And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
 The goodness of the heart.
 This index of the virtuous mind
 Your lovers will adore;
 'Tis this, will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.
 Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave;
 And learn, by distance, to maintain,
 The power your beauty gave.
 For this, when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.
 With this, their silly jests reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude,
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They sully with a touch,
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.
 But, patient, let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth
 Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And bless'd with love and truth:
 For him alone, reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.

In praise of POLLY.

POLLY's charms are so extensive,
 That the chearful, grave and pensive,

Equally

Equally their pow'r obey,
 In a bed, or o'er a bottle,
 Full of wit, and am'rous prattle,
 Pretty Polly's always gay,
 Pretty Polly's always gay.

The RETIREMENT.

FREE from the tumults and the noise,
 Which haunt the busy town,
 Serene delights, and quiet joys,
 Our sweet retirement crown.
 Whilst other maids are rack'd with care,
 Or clog'd with chains of love;
 Our thoughts are free, and clear as air,
 That fans the neighb'ring grove.

We laugh at all the little arts
 Of Venus and her boy,
 Nor can that idle god of hearts
 Our soft repose destroy,
 Secure within our cage we lye,
 And pass the hours away,
 While birds and maids, that loosely fly,
 To men become a prey.

THE PRISONERS SONG.

A Starving life all day we lead,
 Here no comfort's to be found,
 At night, we make one common bed,
 Upon the boarded ground.

Where

Where fleas in troops, and bugs in shoals,
 Into our bosoms creep,
 And death-watch spiders round the walls
 Disturb us in our sleep.

Were Socrates alive, and bound
 With us to lead his life,
 'Twould move his patience far beyond
 His crabbed scolding wife.

Hard lodging, and much harder fare,
 Would try the wisest sage;
 Nay, e'en would make a parson swear,
 And curse this sinful age.

Thus, we insolvent debtors live;
 Yet we may boldly say,
 Worse villains often credit give,
 Than those that never pay.
 For wealthy knaves can with applause
 Cheat on, and ne'er be try'd:
 But, in contempt of human laws,
 In coaches safely ride.

LOTHARIA.

VAinly now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away.

Go ye warbling birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

Sweeter notes, &c.

VOL. II.

E

BEAUTY

BEAUTY and MUSICK.

YE swains whom radiant beauty moves,
 Or music's art, with sounds divine,
 Think how the rapt'rous charm improves,
 When two such gifts celestial join.
 Where Cupid's bow, and Phebus' lyre,
 In the same pow'rful hand are found;
 Where lov'ly eyes inflame desire,
 While trembling notes are taught to wound.
 Enquire not who's the matchless fair,
 That can this double death bestow;
 If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
 Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

The MILK MAID'S SONG.

WHEN my love the other day
 Prais'd my charms, and, full of play,
 In his words such musick hung,
 Passions, grew the while he sung;
 Then he prest me,
 How he blest me,
 Telling me a thousand lies,
 Of my lips, my breast, and eyes,
 Prompted by the fire of youth,
 Thinking all he said was truth;
 I poor easy yielding maid,
 By the traitor was betray'd;
 He caress'd me,
 And posselt me,
 Blasting all my growing charms:
 Maids beware, and dread such harms.

Tune;

Tune, *By Jove I'll be free.*

Come all ye young ladies, whose bus'ness and care
Is contriving new dresses, and curling your
hair;

Who flirt and coquet with each coxcomb who comes
To toy at your toilets, and strut in your rooms;
While you're placing a patch, or adjusting pong pong,
Ye may listen and learn by the truth of my song.

By the truth of my song, &c.

To begin with a question, pray, what is't you mean
To intrude on the public by always being seen?

The pleasantest objects can give no delight,
When they're press'd and repeated too oft on the
sight.

Till ye fly, ye can never expect a pursuit;
In plentiful summers few languish for fruit.

Few languish, &c.

Let recent examples of toasts that's decay'd,
Awake your attention, and humble your pride;
See Delia and Cynthia now regarded no more
Than the beauties that liv'd in the ages before;
They are now talk'd of, as what has once been,
The reason is plain, for they always are seen.

For they, &c.

Pray, apply the conclusion, and believe 'tis well
meant,

Altho' it be borrow'd, there's not the less in't;
The triumph of wisdom is a timely retreat,
A science as hard to the fair, as the great;
In search of true pleasures, how vainly ye roam,
If you'd find it for life, ye must seek it at home.

Ye must seek it at home.

If you'd, &c.

The British Apollo; or, Britons strike home.

TO arms, your ensigns straight display,
 Now set the battle in array;
 The oracle for war declares,
 Success depends upon your hearts and spears;
 Britons strike home, revenge your country's wrongs,
 Fight and record yourselves in Druids songs.
 Inrag'd, your banners now display,
 Come let us dy or win the day;
 The honour of the field we have,
 With loud huzzas, come on, you bold and brave;
 Britons, maintain your rights with conquering blows,
 Down with the pride of your insulting foes.
 Let's rouse the British lion bold,
 See how his heroick eyes are roll'd,
 The silver trumpet sounds, a charge front and rear,
 Break through their ranks, and make them fly for
 fear;
 Let them be drove before your conqu'ring arms,
 And cause them dread Great Britain's loud alarms.

The WANDERER, by Mr. Rae.

Tune, The Maid that's made for love and me.

O Gentle Shepherds, saw ye pass,
 As tripping o'er the flow'ry grass,
 A beauteous maid as fair as snow,
 As nimble as the winds that blow.
 Whose looks are sweet, and gay her mein,
 All graceful as the Cyprian queen,
 Black as the flocks her sparkling eyes,
 Where little Cupid basking lies.

Whose

Whose sprightly wit's beyond compare
 Her graceful turns of thought declare ;
 Whose face and breast still more combine,
 To tell mankind that she's divine.

The t'other morn the rogue surpris'd
 My heart, of danger unadvis'd ;
 Now, conscious of my fate, she roves
 In quest of other sportive loves.

In vain, ye swains, shall I pursue
 The fair, if uninform'd by you ;
 Then ye, whose breasts compassion move,
 O tell me where to find my love.

And ye, bright Nymphs, too, lend your aid
 To punish an inconstant maid ;
 Ah ! seize the little wand'ring toy,
 The source of envy, source of joy.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.
LONG, long I scorn'd love's mighty sway,
 And smil'd at Cupid's pow'r ;
 Unmov'd, insensible and gay,
 Indiff'rent and secure.

The God, to punish my disdain,
 Prepar'd th' acutest dart ;
 Pointed with rage, and wing'd with pain,
 It reacht my destin'd heart.

From Peggy's bright relentless eyes
 I caught the subtle fire ;
 My passion gather'd new supplies,
 And rose to pure desire.

But she, alas ! (like me before)
 Is deaf, while I complain ;
 And ev'ry favour I implore,
 Meets nought but cold disdain.

WANTON Cupid, cease to hover

Thus around the smiling fair,
You exclude a faithful lover

With your too officious care :
Whisp'ring breezes, haste ! begone !

To some remoter silent grove,
And leave Alexis here alone

To tell a thousand tales of love.

How I'm charm'd with ev'ry feature

That adorns her lovely face ;

How she's ev'ry thing that nature

Can e'er give with ev'ry grace.

If she listen to my story,

And for me have equal love,

I'll not envy human glory,

But be blest as those above.

COLIN'S REQUEST.

HELP me each harmonious grove,

Gently whisper all ye trees ;

Tune each warbling throat to love,

And cool each mead with softest breeze :

Breathe sweet odours every flower,

All your various paintings show ;

Pleasing verdure grace each bow'r,

Around let every blessing flow.

Glide ye limpid brooks along,

Phœbus, glance thy mildest ray ;

Murm'ring floods, repeat my song,

And tell what Colin dare not say :

Celia comes, whose charming air

Fires with love the rural swains ;

Tell, ah tell the blooming fair,

That Colin dies, if she disdains.

Tune,

Tune, I wish my Love were in a Mire.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
 So, fairest, at your feet I ly,
 Of all my sex's faults asham'd.
 Too long, alas ! I have abus'd
 Love's innocent and sacred flame ;
 And that divinest pow'r have us'd
 To laugh at as an idle name.
 But since so freely I confess
 A crime which may your scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just or fair excuse.
 I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my blifs ;
 And, ignorant of love and you,
 How cou'd I chuse but do amiss ?
 If ever now my wand'ring eyes
 Seek out amusements as before ;
 If e'er I look but to despise
 Such charms, and value yours the more ;
 May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me ;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all in losing thee.

CUPID'S REFUGE.

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vaux-hall.

JOVE, when he saw my Fanny's face,
 With wond'rous passion mov'd ;
 Forgot the care of human race,
 And found at once he lov'd. *Then*

Then to the god of soft desire,
 His suit he thus address ;
 I Fanny love, with mutual fire
 O touch her tender breast.
 Your suit is hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the maid before :
 What ! rival me, the pow'r replies,
 Whom gods and men adore.
 He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs
 Of his imperial throne,
 While Cupid flap'd his rosy wings,
 And in a breath was gone.
 O'er earth and seas the god he flew,
 But still no shelter found ;
 For, as he fled, the dangers grew,
 And light'ning flash'd around ;
 At last his trembling fear impells
 His flight to Fanny's eyes ;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native skies.

The NONPAREIL.

TH O' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere ;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 Tho' all the Belles were here.
 What tho' no diamonds sparkle
 About her neck or waist ;
 With every shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.
 With every, &c.

In modest plain apparel,
 No patches, paint or airs ;

In

In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears !
 From gay coquets, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules ;
 Nor envys them their conquest,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own ;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve ;
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.

Tune, The Banks of Forth.

IN yonder shade, where late was shown
 The cowslip exquisitely blown ;
 Behold it now, O Peggy, view
 Its with'ring leaves, its fading hue ;
 Quick unrelenting time disarms
 All beauties of their native charms ;
 His cropping hand is ever near,
 Swift in destruction, as career.

Or view the tulip's rich array,
 As summer fair, as nature gay ;
 In rapture stand, its shape admire,
 Splendidly drest in rich attire ;
 With transport view each charm it gives,
 But, Peggy, mark what drops---the leaves ;
 Those beauties so compleat before,
 Peggy, behold they please no more.

The pure carnation, fairly spread,
 With tow'ring stem and lofty head ;
 Expanded wide, view it appear,
 The last bright beauty of the year :
 Gaze on its charms, while in their prime,
 Divert the swift beguiling time ;
 See what the fragrant bloom displays,
 For swiftly, Peggy, it decays.

Thus learn, my fair, that time devours
 Alternately the sweetest flow'rs ;
 Nor these, alone, can quell his rage,
 Bright beauty must submit to age :
 His sad approaches seeming flow,
 Contribute to increase the woe ;
 When pungent sorrow comes too late,
 And beauty mourns to meet its fate. B.

The DRUKEN WIFE O'GALLOWA.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarie,
 The goodwife she drank naithing but sack and
 canary ;

The goodman he complain'd to her friends right airly,
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.

O ! gin, &c.

She drank her hofe, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown ;
 She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely,

O ! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad na care,
 But she drinks my claiaths I canna' well spare,

When

When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly.

O ! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was o' my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

O ! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.

O ! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O ! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O ! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu',
And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.

O ! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house-
wants;

But rants up some fool sang, like, Up ye'r heart Charlie.

O ! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith b---s and j---s
And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O ! gin, &c.

THE TIPPLING GOSSIPS.

TWO gossips were merrily met,
At nine of the clock before noon;
And they were resolv'd for a whet,
To keep their sweet voices in tune.

Away

Away to the tavern they went ;
 Quoth Nell, I do vow and protest,
 That I have a crown yet unspent,
 Come, let's have a cup of the best.

And I have another perhaps,
 Another piece of the same sort ;
 Why need we sit thrumming of caps ;
 Come, drawer, and draw us a quart,
 And let it be liquor of life ;
 Canary, that generous wine ;
 For I am a buxom young wife,
 And love to go gallant and fine.

The drawer, as blyth as a bird,
 Came skipping with cap in his hand,
 Dear ladies, I'll give you my word,
 The best shall be at your command :
 A quart of canary he drew,
 Joan fill'd up her glass and began ;
 Come, gossip, a bumper to you ;
 I'll pledge thee, girl, were it a tun.

But, neighbours, pray did ye not hear
 The common report of the town ;
 A man of five hundred a year,
 Is married to Doll of the crown ;
 A drabble-tail'd slut, o' my word,
 Her cloaths they hang ragged and foul ;
 And wou'd he not fain have a bird,
 That wou'd give a groat for an owl.

And she had a sister last year,
 Her name it was gallowing Peg,
 Could pick up a straw with her ear,
 And she was as tight as my leg.
 A brewer he got her with child ;
 But e'en let them brew as they bake ;
 I know she was wanton and wild,
 But I will ne'er meddle nor make.

Nor I, gossip Joan, o' my word,
 Altho' I have often been told,
 She stole five yards of broad cloth,
 A ring and a locket of gold ;
 A shirt and a new pair of shoes ;
 And a flourishing madam was she.
 'Twas Marjory told me the news,
 But it ne'er shall go further for me.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Tune, She rose and let me in.

RANGING the plain one summer's night,
 To pass a vacant hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely Phillis' bow'r ;
 The nymph, adorn'd with thousand charms,
 In expectation sat,
 To meet those joys in Strephon's arms
 Which tongue cannot relate.
 Upon her hand she lean'd her head,
 Her breast did gently rise ;
 That ev'ry lover might have read
 Her wishes in her eyes.
 At ev'ry breath that mov'd the trees,
 She suddenly would start ;
 A cold on all her body seiz'd,
 A trembling on her heart.
 But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his hour had staid,
 And both with fear and anger mov'd
 The melancholy maid.

Ye gods! she said, how oft he swore
 He wou'd be here by one;
 But now, alas! 'tis fix and more,
 And yet he is not come.

THE SOLDIER'S WISH.

Tune, To you fair Ladies.

IN country quarters still confin'd,
 From Berwick I do write:
 Why can't my body, like my mind,
 To Silvia take its flight?
 Oh, Silvia! if a wish could do,
 My soul should quarter soon with you.
 Fa, la, la, la.

Whilst I stay here, my love-sick heart,
 With you is left behind;
 Alas! why should our bodies part,
 Since both our souls are join'd!
 My body to my prince is due,
 My soul its orders takes from you.
 My blooming hopes of seeing you,
 Are wither'd in their prime;
 Confin'd to stay for a review;
 Oh! why was this the time?
 For what's a dull review to me,
 If Silvia is not there to see?
 When heavy beat of dull tattoo
 Commands the soldier home,
 The hopes I have to dream of you,
 Gives musick to the drum:
 Next morning, with the reveille,
 I only wake to think on thee.

WINCHESTER WEDDING.

*By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.***A**T Winchester there was a wedding,

The like of it never was seen,

'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,

And bonny black Bess of the green :

The fiddlers were crowding before,

Each lass was as fine as a queen ;

There was a hundred and more,

For all the whole country came in ;

Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,

She look'd like a lilly o' the vale,

And ruddy fac'd Hary led Mary,

And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,

He help'd her over the stile,

And swore there was none so pretty,

In forty and forty long mile ;

Kit gave a green gown to Betty,

And lent her his hand to rise ;

But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,

For looking blue under the eyes ;

Thus merrily chatting all,

They pass to the bride-house along,

With Jonny and pretty fac'd Nancy,

The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,

Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,

And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em

With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.

The lads were so frolick and jolly,

For each had his love by his side ;

But Willy was melancholy,

For he had a-mind to the bride ;

Then Philip begins her health,
 And turns a beer-glass on his thumb,
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
 The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the hall,
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,
 And Jeremy led up the ball ;
 But Margaret kept a quarrel,
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,
 'Cause Arthur had stoln her garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself :
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause Arthur, in tying her garter,
 Had slipped his hand too high.

And now, for throwing the stocking,
 The bride away was led ;
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
 For candles to light 'em to bed :
 But Robin finding him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his wife with Willy
 Was playing at hooper's-hide ;
 And now the warm game begins,
 The critical minute was come,
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,
 Went merrily round the room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
 And blithe as a bird in the spring ;
 And Tommy was so to Katie,
 And wedded her with a rush-ring :
 Sukie, that danc'd with the cushion,
 An hour from the room had been gone :

And Barnaby knew, by her blushing,
 That some other dance had been done :
 And thus of fifty fair maids,
 That came to the wedding with men,
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
 That so did return again.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THE wheel of life is turning quickly round,
 And nothing in this world of certainty is found ;
 The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out :
 Good luck ! good luck ! how things are wheel'd about !
 Some few aloft on fortune's wheel do go,
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble low ;
 In this we all agree, that fate at first did will,
 That this great wheel should never once stand still.
 The courtier turns to gain his private ends,
 'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his friends ;
 Prosperity oftimes deceives the proud and vain,
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.
 Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry way, (day ;
 And cheat, and scrape for what can't purchase one poor
 But this is far beneath the generous hearted man,
 Who lives, and makes the most of life he can.
 And thus we're wheel'd about in life's short farce,
 'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling hearse.
 The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out ;
 Good luck ! good luck ! how things are wheel'd about,

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate, in a country town,

May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the Sea at a distance, on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more,
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean tho' coarse linnen at ev'ry meal.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
 And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
 And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when mel-
 low,

He is gone, and han't left behind him his fellow.
 For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

FOR many unsuccessful years
 At Cynthia's feet I lay,
 Bathing them often with my tears;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray:

No

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
 Of some lov'd saint above,
 E'er thought his goddess more divine,
 Or paid more awful love.
 Still the disdainful nymph look'd down,
 With coy insulting pride,
 Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
 Or turn'd her head aside :
 Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Use more prevailing charms ;
 You modest whinnying fool, draw near,
 And clasp her in your arms,
 With eager kisses tempt the maid,
 From Cynthia's feet depart,
 The lips he briskly must invade
 Who wou'd possess the heart :
 With that, I shook off all the slave,
 My better fortunes try'd,
 When Cynthia in a moment gave
 What she for years deny'd.

T Houghtless of all but love and you,
 From place to place I range ;
 But still no happiness I knew,
 Nor pleasure by the change.

The murmur'ing stream, the fruitful field,
 The plain, the shady grove,
 Alike to me, no pleasure yield,
 When absent from my love.

Yet if my Delia but appears,
 How chang'd is all the scene,
 Nature a gayer livery wears,
 And I forget my pain.

The

The murmuring stream, the fruitful field,
 The plain, the shady grove,
 Alike to me, all pleasure yield,
 When blest with her I love.

THE LOVERS MEETING.

Tune, The night her silent sable wore.

CAN any transports equal those
 Which two fond lovers feel,
 Who meet, that thought to meet no more,
 And their past woes reveal?

Their joys too great to be express,
 So crowd the fault'ring tongue;
 Fain would they breathe their soul in words,
 But passion strikes them dumb.

Yet do their eyes, at the blest sight,
 Enraptur'd glances dart;
 By these, and sighs, their wishes paint,
 Which flutter round the heart.

Like statues fix'd, amaz'd they stand,
 Survey their mutual charms;

Then, when the extasy gives leave,
 Fly to each others arms.

Tune, A Cocker there was, &c.

WHEN Strephen to Chloe made love, his pretence
 'Twas all but a sham, his chief aim was her pence:
 For twelve thousand pounds the sly gipsy did pass;
 And he top'd as much with an impudent face.

Derry down, down, &c.

And

And thus, for a while, they lay both on the catch,
Till at length they consulted, and struck up the match ;
But soon, to their loss, for all their deep wit,
He found himself trap'd, and she found she was bit.

Such wedlock's a banter, the wise make no doubt,
And those that get in would be glad to get out :
'Twas ever confest, since the world first began,
Your fortunes are bites, so bite as bite can.

Soldier and citizen, lawyer and squire ;
Both sexes, for money, each other admire ;
All spread out their snares in hopes to trapan ;
The world's all a cheat, and so cheat as cheat can.

ALLAN-WATER.

SAY, muse, what numbers will relate,
What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait ;
Each swain admires, and own's she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire ;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene
Joyous they sport and play before her ;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
 His rising sighs exprest his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas ! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye ;
 Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart ;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing:
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

By Mr. GAY.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped,
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread,
 When Damon staid behind,
 And saunter'd in the grove ;
 Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love ?

Oh ! those were golden hours,
 When love, devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bow'rs
 Lodg'd nymphs and swains by pairs ;
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies ev'ry sprightly laïs ;

No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grafs.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves ;

While beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves:
At court I never fail

To scatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

Then, swain, if me you need,
Strait lay your sheep-hook down ;

Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town :

So well I'm known at court,
None ask where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort
To B-----n's or L-----ll's.

THE HONEST LOVER.

SINCE you will needs my heart possess,
'Tis just to you I first confess

The faults to which 'tis given :
It is to change much more inclin'd,
Than woman, or the sea, or wind,
Or aught that's under heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this truth,
It has been, from its very youth,

A most egregious ranger ;
And since from me 't has often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

The

The black, the fair, the grey, the sad,
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)

With one kind look cou'd win it :
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left success for change;
And, what's worse, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to rest,
'Twould make me act like one possess'd,
For still 'twill keep a pother ;
And tho' you only I esteem,
Yet it will make me, in a dream,
Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
After these truths that I have said,
To take this arrant rover ;
Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
I think the heart within your breast
Will prove just such another.

TEAGUE.

BY Chreesht and shaint Patrick, going home late last
night,

About two in the morning, I was put in a fright ;
Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt,
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pisttol direct on my saish,
Stand still, you damn'd dog, or your dead on the plaish :
De'el tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd,
Your rogueship one day will at Tyburn be try'd :

If

If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,
 He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peasb.
 Thus threaten'd, he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey,
 I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy money :
 My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul---he's undone;
 Well, e'en take it all---for by chresht I have none.

THE PEDIGREE,

Tune, Our Polly is a sad slut.

A Beggar got a beadle,
 A beadle got a yeoman ;
 A yeoman got a prentice,
 A prentice got a freeman ;
 The freeman got a master,
 The master got a lease ;
 The lease made him a gentleman,
 And justice of the peace.

The justice being rich,
 And gallant in desire,
 He marry'd with a lady,
 And so he got a squire :
 The squire got a knight
 Of courage bold and stout ;
 The knight he got a lord,
 And so it came about.

The lord he got an earl ;
 His country he forfook,
 He travell'd into Spain,
 And there he got a duke ;
 The duke he got a prince,
 The prince a king of hope ;

The king he got an emperor,
The emperor a pope.

Thus, as the story says,
The pedigree did run :

The pope he got a friar,
The friar got a nun ;

The nun, by chance, did stumble,
And on her back she sunk,

The friar fell a-top of her,
And so he got a monk.

The monk, he had a son,
With whom he did inhabit ;

But when the father died,

The son became lord abbot :

Lord abbot had a maid,

And he catch'd her in the dark,

And something he did to her,

And so begot a clerk.

The clerk he got a sexton,

The sexton got a digger ;

The digger got a prebend,

The prebend got a vicar ;

The vicar got an attorney,

The which he took in snuff ;

The attorney got a barrister,

The barrister a ruff.

The ruff did get good counsel,

Good counsel got a fee,

The fee did get good motion

That it might pleaded be :

The motion got a judgment,

And so it came to pass,

A beggar's brat, a scolding knave,

A crafty lawier was.

YORKSHIRE

YORKSHIRE JOCKY.

I'S tell you in London how I was zerv'd of late,
A zorrowful ditty: I brought to this city ten oxen
great;

In Smithfield I zold 'em, vor more than vourzcore pound,
And with the zame I merrily trug'd and cross'd the round.

Whilft on my arm this mighty bag of muneys lay,
I met with a creature of luv and good nature, both vair
and gay;

Zhe readily catcht me by the hand, zo kind and vree,
Odzuggers I wonder how zhe vancy'd me.

Vor zuch a lafs I vow, I never had zeen bevore,
Zhe call'd me her goufin, and gave me a duzen zalutes
and more;

Odsuggers I was never zo pleaz'd vor to hear her call
me kin,

Vor zure zhe did my luv and vavour win.

Zhe askt me to go with hur a little way,
It was to the tow'r, I had not the pow'r to zay her nay.
But call'd a coach, and there together we did ride,
With my great bag of muneys by my zide.

Straight to a tavern then we went, to tipple wine,
My huney, my cruny, take care of my muneys, my fil-
ver coin.

But allon a zudden, zuch men as I never bevore had zeen,
They told me I muft go for to zerve the king.

Ah how they lugg'd and pull'd bevore they parted us,
All burds of a veather agreeing together, I loft my purze,
I call'd my goufin, but still no goufin was to be vound.
Zo I loft my bag and vourzcore pound.

They had me by water into a wooden town,
To my beft difcern, it look'd like a barn turn'd up-fide
down:

A thundering noise and vire from her zides did blaize,
Zure I was never zo zcar'd before in all my days.

I was zo zcar'd I vow, I wrung my hands and cried,
My Jeanie, my Jeanie, my huney, my cruny, my buck-
some bride;

My treasue is lost, and here in sorrow I complain,
Vearing that I zhould never zee thee again.

They put me down into the 'old, which made me roar;
At last I was pitied, and vairyly acquitted, and zent azhore :
I being glad I had obtain'd my liberty,
Zo I vound my goufin had gouzen'd me.

Zo I'll return to Jeanie my wife in Taunton-dean.
To hear zuch a meeting, of zharping and cheating,
the like is not zeen :

Before that I come any more this road, a prank to play,
I'll go ten thousand miles another way.

A VERY COLD LOVER.

DAMON ask'd me but once, and I gave him denial,
Intending to snap him the very next trial;
But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his court to the fair Leonore.
But I'll have a good heart, since I'm full well assur'd,
He ne'er would have taken a maid at her word,
If he had been worth keeping : for this I discover,
He that takes the first nay, is a very cold lover,
If deep were his wound, if sincere were his pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again.
Then adieu, let him go ; for why should I vex ?
Since if he'd been serious, he'd allow'd for the sex.

*A COUNTRY SEAT.**Tune, Bank of Flow'rs.*

I AM wearied grown
 Of the smoaky town;
 And crowds and noise I hate,
 And Balls and plays,
 And coffee and teas,
 And endless idle chat :
 Then a country life,
 And the vital air,
 Sun-shine, and the lark's
 Melodious voice ;
 With a Fa, la, la, la,
 Would surely be my choice.

On a bank of flow'rs,
 I would build my house;
 With windows finely fash'd;
 Neat furniture I'd have,
 Not fine, yet fit for use ;
 The walls with woodbind grac'd,
 Near a good green wood,
 On a river side :
 There I would retire,
 There I would abide,
 With a fa la, &c.
 And live to fame deny'd.

*Genty TIBBY and sensy NELLY.**Tune, Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms

Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
Frae 'er ankle to her slender waste,

These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, crys, ah hey,
She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her;
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths, beside mine, water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa stars appear the gither,
O love! why dost thou gie thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither;
Our spacious fauls immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.

IN this grove my Strephon walkt,
Here he lov'd, and there he talkt,
Here he lov'd, &c,

In this place his loss I prove.

A sad remembrance of our love,

Oh ! sad remembrance of my love.

In this grove my Strephon stray'd,

Here he smil'd, and there betray'd ;

Here he smil'd, &c.

Every whispering breeze can tell,

How I, poor I, believing, fell ;

Ah ! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my Strephon mov'd,

Here he sung, and there he lov'd ;

Here he sung, &c.

Every stream and every tree,

Cries out, perfidious cruel he ;

And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my Strephon lean'd,

A lovely foe, but faithless friend ;

A lovely foe, &c.

Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,

Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,

Since Strephon's false to me and love.

THE WHITE JOCK, by J. Dryden.

WHY shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,

Oblige us to each other now,

When passion is decay'd ?

We lov'd and we lov'd

As long as we cou'd,

Till love was lov'd out of us both :

But our marriage is dead

When the pleasure is fled ;

'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
 And further love in store,
 What wrong has he whose joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more ;
 'Tis a madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give ourselves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

CUPID, God of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know,
 Heroes wou'd be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

The auld Man's best ARGUMENT.

Tune, Widow, are you wakin.

O Wha's that at my chamber door !
 " Fair widow are you waking ?"
 Auld carl, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking :
 Gie me the lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sic as he can blefs the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in,
 " I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 " And come of a right gentle kin ;
 " I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carl, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky,
 “ Then widow, let these guineas speak,
 “ That powerfully plead clinkin,
 “ And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
 “ And nae mair love will think on.”
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?

Tune, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live lang simmer day,
 'Till we, amais, were spoiled
 At making of the hay :
 Her curchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?
 Her stockings were of kerfy green,
 As tight as ony filk :
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk !
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou :
 Oh ! Jeany daintylic can kifs ;
 But what's that to you ?
 The rose and lilly baith combine,
 To make my Jeany fair,

There

There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaisf nae care ;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face,
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me say, Alas !
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine ;
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true,
 His joys were short of mine ;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due ;
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you ?

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the market ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a baby in her oxters.

I met ayont the cairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,

Sing.

Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattle's bastard ;
 To flee the dool upo' the flook,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your wain, make Jenny fain,
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

The yellow hair'd LADIE.

THE yellow hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae,
 Cries, milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae ;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in ;
 They winna bught in, tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
 They winna, &c.

The goodwife cries but the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,
 I'll crak and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour ;
 It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

Tune, O dear Mother, what shall I do ?

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
 And, with kindly chiding eyes,
 Faintly says, I shall undo her,
 Faintly, O forbear, she cries ;
 But her breasts when I am pressing,
 When to hers my lips I join,
 Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,
 And her kisses answer mine.

Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byer.

THE laird, who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty :
 Else, like the pack horse that's unfother'd
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

Tune,

Tune, *Leith-wynd.*

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.
 I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Be on thy breast reclin'd;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
 Is Jenny then sae kind?-----
 O let me bris thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delytful thought; we'll never part!
 Come prefs thy mouth to mine.

Tune, *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

THE bonny grey-eyed morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
 While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain:
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

By Mr. W. HAMILTON.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsom marrow?

A. I gat her where I durst nae weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsom marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsom marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow, (weep,
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
 Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I have slain the comliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weeds
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!

'Tis

'Tis he, the comely swain, I flew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds with tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around, in waeful wife,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to lue,
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, (grafs,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grafs, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy lue; fair, fair, indeed, thy lue,
In flowry bands thou him didst setter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again,
Than me, he never lu'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?
 How can I busk a winsom marrow ?
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my lue on the braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my lue,
 My lue, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing,
 Ah ! wretched me, I little, little kend
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
 But e'er the toofal of the night,
 He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd, that wae'ful, wae'ful day,
 I sang, my voice the woods returning,
 But, lang e'er night, the spear was flown
 That slew my lue, and left me mourning.

What can my barb'rous, barb'rous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
 My luer's blood is on thy spear ;
 How can'st thou, barb'rous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
 May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
 My luer nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to muve me.
 My luer's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me lue thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of lue,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,

Unbar,

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.
 But who the expected husband, husband is ?
 His hands, me thinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
 Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Come's in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?
 Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.
 Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
 Yet lye all night between my breasts ;
 No youth lay ever there before thee.
 Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my breasts ;
 No youth shall ever ly there, after.
 A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy useles sorrow,
 Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,
 Helyes a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

PRETTY parrot, say, when I was away,
 And in dull absence past the day,
 What at home was doing ?
 With chat and play
 We were gay,
 Night and day,
 Good chear and mirth renewing ;
 Singing laughing all like pretty, pretty poll.
 Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a saucy lover wou'd
 Court and tease my lady ?

A thing you know,
 Made for show,
 Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,
 Ever at her call, like pretty, pretty poll.

Tell me, with what air he approach'd the fair,
 And how she could with patience bear

All he did and utter'd ?

He still address'd,

Still caress'd,

Kiss'd and press'd,

Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd :

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,

Or did he ever use to stay

In a corner dodging ?

The want of light,

When 'twas night,

Spoil'd my sight ;

But I believe his lodging

Was within her call, like pretty, pretty poll.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
 How much more to give him ease ;

When his passion we discover,

Oh ! how pleasing 'tis to please !

The bliss returns, and we receive

Transports greater than we give.

SINCE Selinda is my foe,
 To some desert I will go ;

Some river

For ever

Shall echo my woe :

The

The trees shall appear
 More relenting than her,
 In the morning
 Adorning
 Each leaf with a tear.
 To the rocks, all alone,
 When I make my sad moan,
 From some hollow
 Shall follow
 Some pitiful groan :
 But with silent disdain
 She requites all my pain,
 To my mourning
 Returning
 No answer again.
 Ha! Selinda, adieu !
 When I cease to pursue,
 You'll discover
 No lover
 Was ever so true :
 Yet 'tis better to run
 From fate we can't shun,
 Than for ever
 Endeavour
 What cannot be won.

CAN love sincere, devoid of art,
 Less joy or bliss bestow ;
 Because the hand goes with the heart,
 Shou'd that create our woe ?
 Tho' Hymen's torch burns often dim,
 'Tis not poor Hymen's fault ;
 He ne'er design'd his nymphs or swains
 Should traffick, or be bought.

But

But Plutus, foe to generous love,
 Its ruin, curse and bane,
 Resolv'd that gold should only gain
 The youthful nymph and swain.
 Thus, riches join unequal pairs,
 Neglecting care and rule ;
 The ugly to the blooming fair,
 The witty to the fool.

Let sense and merit fix your choice,
 Good nature too shou'd aid ;
 Attend to truth's unerring voice,
 And let not wealth persuade :
 A partner, thus, by reason chose,
 Your tenderness repays ;
 No change, no fetters will impose,
 But soothe your nights and days.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

Guardian Angels, now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love ;
 Cupid, with thy bow direct me,
 Aid me, all ye powers above.
 Bear him, my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
 Tell him I love, and I despair ;
 Tell him I grieve, say, 'tis for him I live,
 O may the shepherd be sincere.
 Through the shady grove I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night ;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander blest my sight.
 Witness, ye groves, and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore,

Can he forget me, will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
To admire a nymph more fair ?
If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life pursue ;
The lark and philomel shall only hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

GENTLE in personage, conduct and equipage,
Noble by heretage, generous and free ;
Brave, not romantick, learn'd, not pedantick ;
Frolick, not frantick, this must be he.
Honour maintaining, meanness disdaining ;
Still entertaining, engaging and new ;
Neat, but not finical ; sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical, but ever true.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

Tune, *Tweed-side.*

FOND echo, forbear thy light strain,
And heedfully hear a lost maid ;
Go, tell the false ear of the swain,
How deeply his vows have betray'd :
Go, tell him, what sorrows I bear ;
See yet if his heart feels my woe ;
'Tis now he must heal my despair,
Or death will make pity too slow.

WHEN

WHEN I survey Clarinda's charms,
 Folded within my circling arms;
 What endless pleasures move along,
 Nobly soft, and sweetly strong !
 Every smile invites to love,
 Balmy kisses,
 Amorous blisses,
 Every rising charm improve.
 Immortal bliss, that ne'er will cloy,
 Always attends her Angel form ;
 Softest repose, and blooming joy,
 In her conspire the soul to charm ;
 All that can joy or love create,
 Beauteous blessing,
 Past expressing,
 Round the tender fair one wait.
 Love on her breast has fix'd his throne,
 And Cupid revels in her eyes ;
 Who can the charmer's pow'r disown,
 When in each glance an arrow flies ?
 Yet, when wounded, we feel no pain :
 No, 'tis pleasure
 Above measure,
 Raptures flow in ev'ry vein.

THE DIFFIDENT LOVER.

WHEN Chloe was by Damon seen,
 What heart could be unmov'd ?
 She look'd so like the Cyprian queen,
 He gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd :

He

He lov'd, alas ! but lov'd in vain,
 And full of grief and care ;
 He knew he never cou'd obtain
 The lovely charming fair.

Chloe deserv'd a better swain,
 He not so fair a bride ;
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd and dy'd :
 Take pity, then, thou charming maid,
 For Chloe's case is thine ;
 I dare not ask, so much I dread,
 Least Damon's fate be mine.

THE wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd,
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease ;
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why shou'd they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me---whilst he can.

Tune, *Barberini's Minuet.*

THINK, when to pleasure the sports do invite you,
 Time's on the wing, and is fleeting away ;
 And, as the bright season of youth does excite you,
 Crown the dear moments with mirth whilst you may.
 As time approaches by kindly advances,
 With truly graceful, and free open fancies,
 Of songs, and brisk dances, entreat him to stay ;
 His golden treasure, then prudently measure ;
 Let innocent pastime and virtue delight you :
 Virtue and Innocence always are gay.
 Those who inherit such sweetness of spirit,
 Live and enjoy true delights ev'ry day.

M I R A.

SAY, Mira, why is gentle love,
 A stranger to that mind,
 That pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind ?

Is it, because you fear to know
 The ills which love molest,
 The tender care, the anxious fear,
 Which racks the am'rous breast ?

Alas ! by some degrees of woe,
 We ev'ry bliss obtain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 Which never felt a pain.

No

NO more will I my passion hide,
 Tho' too presuming it appear;
 When long despair, a heart has try'd,
 What other torments can it fear?
 Unlov'd by her, I wou'd not live,
 Nor die till she the sentence give.
 Why shou'd the fair offended be,
 If virtue charms in beauty's dress?
 If, where so much divine I see,
 My open vows the saint confess:
 Awak'd by wonders in her eyes,
 My former idols I despise.

NO, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent town,
 To expect either pleasure or rest;
 To hurry and nonsense still tying us down,
 'Tis an overgrown prison at best.
 'Tis an, &c.

From hence, to the country escape and away,
 Leave the crowd and the bustle behind;
 And then you'll see liberal nature display
 A thousand delights to mankind.

The change of the seasons, the sports of the fields,
 The sweetly diversify'd scene;
 The groves and the gardens! and every thing yields
 A chearfulness ever serene.

Here, far from ambition and avarice free,
 My days may I quietly spend;
 Whilst the cits and the courtiers, unenvy'd by me,
 May gather up wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my store,
 My peace and my freedom resign ;
 For who, for the sake of possessing the ore,
 Would be sentenc'd to dig in the mine ?

HAPPY is a country life ! happy is a country life !
 Blest with content, good health and ease ;
 Free from factious noise and strife,
 We only plot ourselves to please :
 Peace of mind our days delight,
 And love our welcome dreams at night.
 Peace of, &c.

Hail ! green fields and shady woods,
 Hail ! crystal streams that still run pure,
 Nature's uncorrupted goods,
 Where virtue only dwells secure :
 Free from vice, and free from care,
 Age has no pain, nor youth a snare.

WHEN at my nymph's devoted feet,
 Love bids me all my woes repeat,
 Love bids, &c.
 Obedient I the god obey,
 I sigh, I weep, complain and pray ;
 In vain I sigh, in vain implore,
 The teasing fair still cries, *encore*.
 O Paphian queen, propitious prove,
 Incline her heart to me and love ;
 Then, when incirled in her arms,
 Panting I'd rifle all her charms ;
 May she in melting sounds implore,
 And cry, dear Strephon, Oh ! *encore*.

By Mr. BLACKLOCK.

Tune, *The braes of Balantyne.*

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
One evening reclin'd to discover his pain ;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow ;
Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view ;
Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey.
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they :
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
From sun-shine to Zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sun-shine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care,
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair ?

I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a Venus, with Pallas's mind ;
Let the girl that I love have but prudence in view,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true.

Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mein;
 By folly, ill nature, or vanity led;
 Nor indebted to paint for white or for red.

Her tongue, that dread weapon of most of her sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquets I detest.

May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit;
 Go find out the girl that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever,-----I mean, if I can.

WHEN first by fond Damon, Flavilla was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mein;
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to love.
 New charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And Oh! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind:
 But still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.
 Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair;
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her,
 He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
 And fear of offending forbids him to speak,
 And wanders, a willing example to prove,
 That friendship to woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense ;
 His passion nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

LORD HENRY AND KATHARINE.

IN ancient times, in Briton's isle,
 Lord Henry well was known,
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
 Or more deserv'd renown :
 His thoughts on honour always run,
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love,
 No nymph in all the land had charms
 His frozen heart to move.
 Amongst the nymphs where Katharine came,
 The fairest face she shows,
 She was as bright as morning sun,
 And sweeter than the rose :
 Although she was of mean degree,
 She daily conquests gains ;
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld
 Escap'd her powerful chains.
 But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
 And cures were all in vain :
 The sickness was to all unknown
 That did the fair one waste,
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
 And broken slumbers past.



Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
 Oh Henry ! I'm undone,
 Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !

Thy love must ne'er be known !
 Such is the fate of womankind,

They must the truth conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand, thousand deaths,
 Ere I my love reveal.

A tender friend, that watch'd the fair,
 To Henry hy'd away,
 My lord, says she, we've found the cause
 Of Katharine's quick decay ;
 She in a dream the secret told,

Till now no mortal knew :
 Alas ! she now expiring lyes,
 And dies for love of you !

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,
 His heart began to flame,

Ah, poor unhappy maid ! he cry'd,
 Yet I am not to blame :

Ah Katharine ! too, too modest maid,
 Thy love I never knew ;

I'll ease your pain : and swift as wind
 To her bed-side he flew.

Awake ! awake ! he fondly cry'd,
 Awake ! awake ! my dear ;

If I had only guess'd your love,
 You ne'er had shed a tear ;

'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
 Renew thy wonted charms ;

I come to save thee from despair,
 And take thee to my arms.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
 She rais'd her drooping head,

And

And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
 She started from the bed,
 Around his neck her arms she flung,
 In extasy, and cried,
 Will you be kind? will you indeed?
 My love !-----and so she died.

YE nymphs, and silvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring, newly born, herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds;
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze
 On yonder pleasing vale,
 Of those that chuse to milk their ewes,
 And in cold dews with clouted shoes
 To carry the milking-pail.

You goddesses of the morn,
 With blushes you adorn,
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
 A consort on each green thorn:
 The black-bird and thrush on every bush,
 And the charming nightingale,
 In merry vein their throats do strain,
 To entertain the jolly train
 Of those of the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flow'rs will spring no more,
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
 With winter's all candy'd o'er.
 See how the town lass looks with her white face,
 And her lips so deadly pale:

But

But it is not so with those that go
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

The miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old :
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail,
What joys are found in rusty ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, sweet and found,
Of those of the milking-pail.

You girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame,
In practising feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise to value the prize
Of the wares most fit for the sale,
What store of beaux would dawb their cloaths,
To save a nose, by following of those
Who carry the milking-pail.

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousy,
Whilst upon the green he is often seen
With his lass upon his knee ;
With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
And swears she'll never grow stale ;
But the London lass, in every place,
With brazen face, despises the grace
Of those of the milking-pail.

Tune,

Tune, *Leader-haugh's*.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing ;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing :
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass
 On Leader-haugh's and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted ;
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think e'er ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
 I'll study to delight ye ;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haugh's and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom :
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,
 Into some wilderness, my grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness, O cruel fair.
 Have I not graven our loves on every tree,
 In yonder spreading groves, tho' false thou be?
 Was not a solemn oath plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth, constant to thee?
 Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had :
 Into that hollow cave, there will I sigh and rave,
 Since thus thou dost behave, 'twill make me mad.
 Wild fruit shall be my meat, I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat ; for covering
 I'll have the starry sky, my head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high shall spread its wing.
 I'll have no funeral fire, no tears for me,
 No grave do I desire, nor obsequies :
 The courteous Red-breast he with leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy with doleful voice.
 And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee,
 O thou, deceitful dame, whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart that e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert from loving thee.

Tune,

Tune, O'er the Muir to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the Muir to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me ;
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding ;
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where my love and I were wont to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.
 O waly, waly gin love be bonny,
 A little while whan it is new,
 But whan 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa like the morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 O wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.
 Now Arthur-feat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.
 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see;
 My love was cled in black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasie.
 But had I wist before I kifs't,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock't my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

Tune, *Valiant Jocky*.

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.
 But had the great Apelles seen that face,
 When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
 In that design
 Great nature would combine,
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin ;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
 And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious art ;
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart ;
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes would inspire,
 And like Prometheus' fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire ;
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and flie
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time ;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The god of love in ambush lyes,
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,
 He points his conqu'ring arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpen'd dart at every hair.

As with fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like Eden's flaming sword, each way you kill:
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.
 I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known;
 But oh! how I'm blest'd, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.
 How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms?
 How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very compleat,
 That down came the fair lady.

And

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
 They coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie ;
 For, if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gipsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

Oh ! come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
 Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
 And I'll go to bed to my deary ;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
 And I'll mak a hap to my deary ;
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
 And speir'd for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's away with the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
 Gae saddle and make him ready ;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well made men,
 Altho' we were nae bonny;
 And we were a' put down but ane,
 For a young wanton lady.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her?
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her.

COME gentle god of soft repose,
 And lull my soul to rest;
 In thy embraces let me lose
 The pangs that rack my breast:
 Arise, ye dear deceits, arise;
 And, drest in Damon's form,
 My long expecting wishing eyes
 With his resemblance charm.
 These melting sounds still let me hear,
 That did his flame impart;
 That blest with love my list'ning ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding heart.

Why

Why roam my thoughts on pleasing ease,
Which only dreams bestow ;
For, Oh ! whene'er the morn appears,
I wake to real woe.

Th' envious light, from my sad eyes,
Draws ev'ry joy away ;
With night the lovely phantom flies,
And leaves me lost in day :
If waking then I am distressed,
And pleasure's fled with him ;
In sleeping could I still be blest,
Let life be all a dream.

TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I cou'd please,
I fancy'd your eyes read the language of mine ;
And saw my love's image reflected on thine ;
The flatterer hope to my ruin led on,
And taught me to judge of your heart by my own ;
Self love, to my wish, was at hand to persuade,
That my love was return'd, and my friendship repaid.
But, wak'd from this dream, 'tis with anguish I find,
Words and looks were but civil, which once I thought
kind ;
Its colour no longer false fancy will lend,
To form the fond lover, or image the friend.
Be still my poor heart, or beat thee to rest ;
I'll drive this tormentor, this love, from my breast ;
I'll break the gay bauble my fancy has made,
And punish the heart self-love has betray'd.

THE CRITICAL MINUTE.

YOU say you love, and twenty more
Have sigh'd and said the same before ;
But yet I swear, I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a man till now.

'Tis strange how I shou'd credit give
To words, I know that words deceive,
And lay my better judgement by,
To trust my partial ear and eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd
Your suit, had you to-morrow try'd ;
But-faith, unthinkingly, to-day,
My heedless heart has gone astray.

To fetch it back wou'd give you pain,
Perhaps the struggle too were vain ;
I'm indolent, so he that gains
My heart, may keep it for his pains.

Tune, Love's goddess in a myrtle grove.

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
And lavish paints th' enamel'd ground ;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And, gay, on every bough rejoice ;
The lovely graces hand in hand,
Knit fast in love's eternal band,
With early step, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love ;
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride :

While

While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd consort woos ;
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
 Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
 With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies born
 Perfume the breezes of the morn :
 The smiling day and dewy night
 To rural scenes my fair invite,
 With summer sweets to feast her eye ;
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
 To profit by th' instructive show.
 Now young and blooming thou appears
 All in the flourish of thy years :
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose
 To every eye the blushing rose ;
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny hours are past,
 Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
 Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
 Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
 For see the summer flies away,
 Sad emblem of our own decay !
 Now winter from the frozen north
 Drives swift his iron chariot forth ;

His grizly hands in icy chains,
 Fair Tweda's silver stream constrains.
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of Yare ;
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen
 Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green :
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
 A snowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,
 Thou flies, displeas'd, the frozen shore,
 When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
 Shall I, ah horrid ! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the fields is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun ;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our joy.
 Happy ! abandon every care,
 To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
 In cities thus with witty friends,
 In smiles the hoary season ends.
 But when the lovely white and red
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
 Then wrinkles dire, and age severe,
 Make beauty fly we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
 Ah, must they ever cease to charm !
 Or is there left some pleasing art
 To keep secure a captive heart ?
 Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
 Beauty, thy food, does swift decay ;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
 What is't thy famine can prevent ?

Lay in good sense with timely care,
 That love may live on wisdom's fare :
 Tho' extasy with beauty flies,
 Esteem is born when beauty dies.

Happy

Happy the man whom fates decree
 Their richest gift in giving thee ;
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
 Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

Tune, Peggy, I must love thee.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee, that only slights me :
 This love, that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee's commended.

Oh! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief would then be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,

Yet

Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet, 'till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

Tune, Cowden-knows.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ews and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows ;
 For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
 Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare,
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor th' bush aboon Traquair.

More

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers, that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

Tune, Spinning-wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trowth he had a glancing eye.

My heart, now panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear;
 And round about my slender waste
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
 And said, there was nae lady fair
 That ever cou'd with me compare.

These words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his love the mair,
 Until my heart was wounded fair:

That.

That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trowth, I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
What lassie, young and fast as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass the spinning wheel.

Tune, Peggy, I must love thee.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
The shipwrackt Colin spying
His native foil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying :
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.
So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted :

Thus

Thus droopt I, till diviner grace,
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying:
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose:
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee.
 Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty:
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

THE INVITATION.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,
 Where we may hear the blackbird sing,
 The robin red-breast and the thrush,
 And nightingale in thorny bush,
 The mavis sweetly caroling;
 This to my love, this to my love, content will bring.
 See where the nymph, with all her train,
 Comes skipping through the park amain,

And in this grove she means to stay,
 At barley-breaks to sport and play;
 Where we may sit us down, and see
 Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt with chastity.

In yonder dale are finest flow'rs,
 With many pleasant shady bow'rs,
 A purling brook, whose silver streams
 Are beautified with Phœbus' beams;
 Which steal out thro' the trees for fear,
 Because Diana, because Diana bathes her there.

All her delight is, as you see,
 This way to sport and here to be,
 Delyting in this calor spring,
 Only to bathe herself therein,
 Until Acteon her espy'd;
 Then to the thicket, then to the thicket did she glide.

And there by magick art she wrought,
 And in her heart she thus bethought,
 With secret speed away to flee,
 And he a hart was turn'd to be;
 Because he follow'd Diana's train,
 His life he lost, his life he lost, her love to gain.

I Had a jolly hawk, and a tearfel of my own, Fal, &c.
 Came from as good an airy as ever yet was known;
 Fal, &c.

He was but newly enter'd, when that it came to pass
 He fell in love with a solen goose and flew into the
 Bass, Fal, &c.

When

When he arrived there, the goose to him did say,
I pray, good master tearsel, what brought you here
away?

To which the tearsel answer'd, I'm come to get an egg
With you, sweet mistress goose, if you'll please to lift
your leg.

The jealous solen gander put on an angry face,
I pray, good master tearsel, I redd you leave this place;
If you don't do it quickly, your stay you shall repent,
Wou'd you spoil our brood of solen geese, and vex the
President,

To which the tearsel answer'd, I dinna care a f---t,
Gin ye winna len me your wife, I'll had me wi' a
scart;

Ye may keep her to ye're sel, but ye needna look sae
fierce,

For I'll kiss and clap my scart, and ye may kiss my
a---se.

Ye're seamaws and tamie nories into my bed I'll take,
Nor will I spare a marrot, nor yet a kitty-weake,
Neither goose nor sandy lavrock, nor whaup shall e'er
gae free,

But ev'ry bird into the Bass shall lay an egg to me.

The solen goose offended to hear him crack sae crouse,
Says ye're a cursed liar, sir, as I'm a solen goose;

For if you do but touch a bird, be she either wife or
lafs,

Ye shall hae cause to rue the day that e'er ye saw the
Bass.

O sir, ye're but a stanchel, or else a ring tail'd kite,
Then turning round his rump, he in his face did sh--te:
The hawk in doleful dolor, did wipe his sh--en eye,
And was content to take his wing and waft him o'er
the sea.

He lighted on Tam Tallen, and pearch'd upon a tow'r,
A pox confound the solen goose the husband of the
whore,

For he's blindit a' my eye, and he's claggit a' my wing;
And the d--- confound his rotten doup, his sh---te it
stinks o' ling.

Mean-while the dolesu' master was in a deep despair,
A capias gae to Nicolay, see what's become o' Blair,
Gae send out little Stev'nson, and see that he be sure
To call out Grova Nicolay to waft about the lure.

What ail'd the careless rascal to hound him down the
wind,

I'll loose my harvest hawking unless my hawk I find;
Quoth Haddington I'm sorry, quoth Binny I cou'd greet;
Quoth Tam, my Lord, I'll seek your hawk upon my
barefoot feet.

But in came William Bower, with pleasure in his face,
My Lord ye're hawk's come back, but he's in a sh--ten
case,

My Lord was all in rapture to hear the gladsome tale,
Tak that to buy ye brandy, and that to buy ye ale.

How fickle and uncertain are all our earthly joys,
When the losing of a hawk all our harvest hope de-
stroys:

But we'll thraw about each hawk's neck, and hang each
yelling hound,

And tak ourselves to tippeny where joys alone abound.

Tune, *An thou wert my ain thing.*

O What pain it is to part,
Can I leave thee, must I leave thee;

O what pain it is to part,
Can Axaba e'er leave thee?

To

To waste in tears the live long day,
 And sigh whole tedious hours away,
 Which late with thee I spent so gay,
 When my fond heart I gave thee.

The soul don't from the body part,
 With half the anguish or the smart,
 As I now tear thee from that heart,
 Which I so lately gave thee.

The sea to flow shall sooner cease,
 And stars the sable night to grace;
 E'er I shall change from what I was
 When my fond heart I gave thee.

But say, Belinda, prithee say,
 When I am gone so far away,
 Will you remember of that day
 When my fond heart I gave thee?

In absence 'twould give so much joy,
 To think that I your thoughts employ,
 That time itself cou'd ne'er destroy
 That love I frankly gave thee.

Tune, Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

POOOR Strephon distracted 'twixt hope and despair
 For Chloris, so lovely, so youthful and fair;
 He kiss'd and embrac'd her, and often did say,
 My dearest sweet Chloris, pray here with me stay.
 In haste she reply'd, my dear Strephon, be gone,
 For if we're espied, I am quite undone;
 For my parents forbid all my passion for you,
 So generous Strephon for ever adieu.

Our parents may couple, but they can't make love,
 My passion is stronger, it springs from above;

For tho' I had lov'd you at my parents desire,
It neither had added nor ta'en from the fire.

You love me ; I fly you, though I love you as much,
But dare not avow it, my fate it is such ;
But I'll live a Platonic as chaste as desire,
And Chloris' affection shall never expire.

I am quite transported to think that you love,
But the living without you these comforts remove ;
For I'm no Platonic, I soar not so high,
I grasp at the substance, must have it or die.

Tune, Bessy Bell.

COME let us study night and day,
To fit us for our station,
That when we're men we parts may play
Are useful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit ;
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And action suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
We know it by your smiling ;
And while we gain respect and love,
Our studies are not toiling :
Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful ;
Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employed,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by sloth destroyed ;

'Tis

'Tis only active souls can rise
 To fame and all that's splendid,
 And favour, in these conqu'ring eyes,
 'Gainst whom no heart's defended.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown ;
 Soothe her and smooth her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
 With the front of assurance come boldly on ;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly,
 Put her in mind how her time steals on :

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn to noon,
 And shew her you're able
 Some hour to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety ;

Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

FROM rosy bow'rs, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move

With tender passion my heart's darling joy :

Ah ! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing

Is, to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

And a frisk from the ground,

I'll trip like any fairy ;

At once on Ida dancing,

Were three celestial bodies,

With an air and a face,

And a shape and a grace,

Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,

Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;

Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,

Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow ;

My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,

Shall I thaw my self, or drown

Amongst the foaming billows,

Increasing all with tears I shed ;

On beds of ooze and chrystal pillows

Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,

That soon my heart will warm ;

When once the sense is fled,

Love has no power to charm.

Wild

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
 My robes and locks shall thus be tore :
 A thousand, thousand deaths I'll die,
 E'er thus in vain ! e'er thus in vain, adore.

CUPID ! instruct an am'rous swain,
 Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
 To common youths unknown :
 To talk of sighs, of flames, of darts,
 Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
 Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell ? (the god reply'd)
 That love the shepherd cannot hide
 The nymph will quickly find :
 When Phœbus does his beams display,
 To tell men barely that 'tis day,
 Is to suppose 'em blind.

SHE. **P**RAY now, John, let Jug prevail,
 Doff thy sword, and take a flail ;
 Wounds and blows, and scorching heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE. 'Zounds ! your are mad, ye simple jade,
 Begone, and don't prate.

SHE. How think ye I shall do with Hob and Sue,
 And all our brats, when wanting you ?

HE. When I am rich with plunder,
 Thou my gain shall share.

SHE. My share will be but small, I fear,
 When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
 And the flea flints the Germans strip 'em bare.

HE.

HE. Mind your spinning, mend your linnen,
Look to your cheefe you, your pigs and your geese too.

SHE. No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE. Blood and fire, if you tire thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations ;

Thumping, thumping, thumping
Is the fatal word, Joan,

SHE. Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE. Morbleu? that huff shall never do.

SHE. Come, come, John, let's buss and be friends
Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends :

I my tongue sometimes let run,
But alas ! I soon have done.

HE. 'Tis well you're quash'd, you'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is John.

SHE. Yet fain I'd know for what you're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE. Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

SHE. Grow great !
And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd French you beat ;
Ah John ! take care John, and learn more wit.

HE. Dare you prate still, at this rate still,
And, like vermin, grudge my preferment ?

SHE. you'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE. Nay, if bawling, caterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle, still must rattle,
I'll be gone, and straight abroad.

SHE. Do, do, and so shall Hob and Sue,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

Tune,

Tune, *My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a feeding, and we're void
of care,

Come, Sandie, let's tune in praise of the fair:
For, inspir'd by my Susie, I'll sing in such lays,
That Pan, were he judge, must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn we ly at our ease,
By a musical stream, and refresh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr so gentle, yes, Jamie, I'll try
For to match you and Susie, dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my Susie so lovely, she's without compare,
She's so comely, so good, and so charmingly fair:
Sure, the gods were at pains to make so compleat
A nymph, that for love there was ne'er one so meet.

SANDY.

Oh! my Katie's so bright, she's so witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces, around her looks play;
In her mein she's so graceful, in her humour so free,
Sure the gods never fram'd such a beauty as she.

JAMIE.

Had my Susie been there, when the shepherd declar'd
For the lady of Lemnos, she had lost his regard:
And, o'ercome by a presence more beautifully bright,
He had own'd her outdone, as the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece, nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties, or those poets feign,

Cou'd

Cou'd be match'd with my Katie, whose every sweet
charm

May conquer best judges, and coldest hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither riches nor honour, nor any thing great,
Do I ask of the gods; but that this be my fate,
That my Susie to all my kind wishes comply :
For with her wou'd I live, and with her wou'd I die.

S A N D Y.

If the fates give me Katie, and her I enjoy,
I have all my desires, nought can me annoy :
For my charmer has every delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy than e'er swain before.

A MONGST the willows on the grass,
Where nymphs and shepherds ly,
Young Willy courted bonny Bess,
And Nell stood list'ning by ;
Says Will, we will not tarry
Two months before we marry.
No, no, fy no, never, never tell me so,
For a maid I'll live and die;
Says Nell, so shall not I.
Says Nell, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and despair,
And kisses mixt between ;
He with a song did charm her ear,
Thinking she chang'd had been ;
Says Will, I want a blessing,
Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fy no, never, never tell me so,
 For I will never change my mind :
 Says Nell, she'll prove more kind.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by nature taught,
 When she first to man inclines ;
 Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.

Oh ! who wou'd lose a treasure,
 For such a puny pleasure !
 Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true.

Quoth Nell, the more fool you.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly books,
 Forget vain love and worldly care.

Quoth Nell, that likely looks !
 You men are all perfidious ;
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and, while I breathe, defy all,
 Your sex I now despise.
 Says Nell, by Jove, she lies.

WOU'D you chuse a wife for a happy life,
 Leave the court, and the country take,
 Where Dolly and Sue, young Molly and Prue,
 Follow Roger and John, whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the London dames, (be it spoke to their shames)
 To ly in their beds till noon ;
 Then get up and stretch, and paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch, then look on their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea, both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their tables in plate,

Where rattles do run as swift as the sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone
By their gaming, and sitting up late.

The lass give me here, tho' brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her house,
That can milk her cow, or farrow her sow,
Make butter and cheese, or gather green pease,
And values fine cloaths not a souse.

This, this is the girl worth rubies and pearl,
A wife that will make a man rich :
We gentlemen need no quality breed,
To squander away what taxes wou'd pay,
We care not, in faith, for such.

QUEEN. **H**OW blest are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure!
We know no car, but how to share
Each day successive pleasure.

Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with blifs abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

1. WOMAN. A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of cloaths oppresses ;
We live at ease, with rags and fleas,
We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

2. WOM. We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature,
No patch or paint our beauties want,
We live in simple nature.

3. WOM. No cholick, spleen, or vapours,
At morn or ev'ning tease us ;

We

We drink not tea, or ratafi';
When sick, a dram can ease us.

4. WOM. What ladies act in private,
By nature's soft compliance,
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiss without a licence.

5. WOM. We know no shame or scandal,
The beggars law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.

6. WOM. Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all sorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleasure till to-morrow.

PHILLIS despise not your faithful lover,
Play not the tyrant, because you are fair;
Beauty will fade. My charming maid,
Just as the lilly, my beautiful Philly,
Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,
Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my Philly:
Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd?
Angel divine! wert thou but mine:
Pity my story, I laugh at all glory,
Here I protest, on thy dear breast,
With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

SYLVIA, on her arm reclining,
In a shady grove's retreat,
Lay in dishabille designing----fal la, la, &c.
To avoid the sultry heat.

Tho' unveil'd, she thought no slander-
 by cou'd view the lonely fair ;
 While young Zephyrs came and fann'd her
 Beauteous face with fragrant air.

Thus the blooming nymph lay panting,
 Sighing for her absent swain ;
 All extended, she lay wanting
 Him to ease her love-sick pain.

Soon the happy youth, who won her
 To the kind retreat, drew near ;
 And in transport ! gaz'd upon her
 Charms repos'd in slumbers there,

Love perswaded 'twas no sin to
 Vent his flames without debate ;
 So he boldly enter'd into
 Tales of love with Sylvia sweet.

His mov'ing tale so gain'd upon her,
 That, in pity to his pain,
 She gave broad hints he might once more
 Tell it o'er to her again.

Tune, Welcome, welcome Brother Debtor.

CHarming Chloc, look with pity
 On your faithful love-sick swain ;
 Hear, O hear, his doleful ditty,
 And relieve his mighty pain.
 Find you musick in his sighing ?
 Can you see him in distress ?
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
 Yet afford no kind redress ?

Strephon mov'd by lawless passion,
 For no favours rudely sues ;
 All his flame is out of fashion,
 Ancient honour for him woes !

Love

Love for love's the swain's ambition ;

But, if that is deem'd too great,

Pity, pity, his condition-----

Say, at least, you do not hate.

Should you, fonder of a rover,

Practis'd in the arts of guile,

Slight so true and kind a lover,

Chloe, might not Strephon smile?

Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing,

Vulgar lovers might upbraid ;

Strephon, conscious of thy ruin,

Soon would be a silent shade.

AS near a fountain's flow'ry side,

The bright Selinda lay,

Her looks increas'd the summer's pride,

Her eyes the blaze of day.

The roses blush'd with deeper red,

To see themselves out-done ;

The lillies shrunk into their beds,

To find this fairer one.

Quick thro' the air to this retreat

A bee industrious flew ;

Prepar'd to rissle ev'ry sweet,

And sip the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,

Her rosy lips he found ;

Where he in transports met his death,

And drop'd upon the ground.

Enjoy, blest bee, enjoy thy fate,

Nor at thy fall repine ;

Since kings would quit their royal state

To share a death like thine.

CHASTE Lucretia, when you left me,
 You of all things dear bereft me ;
 Tho' I show'd no discontent,
 Grief is strongest, and the longest,
 When too great to find a vent.

How much fiercer is the anguish,
 When we most in secret languish !
 Silent streams are deepest sound ;

Noisy grieving is deceiving,
 Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,
 Yet I wisely would conceal it ;
 Tho the question be but fair ;

Grief and merits, love and spirits,
 Always lose by taking air.

Guardian angels still defend you,
 And celestial joys attend you ;
 Whilst I'm like the winter sun ;

Faintly shining, and declining,
 Till thy charming spring return.

By Mr. Congreve.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;

For

For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

By Mr. Waller.

FROM native stalk the Provence rose
 I pluck't with green attire ;
 For, oh ! upon its graces hung
 Afflatus to desire.

A vile, destroying, preying worm,
 Who shelter'd in the leaf,
 Had rob'd me of the pristine joy,
 And prov'd the lucky thief.

So beauteous nymphs too oft are found
 The vilest man to trust ;
 While constant lovers plead in vain,
 And die for being just.

By Sir Richard Steel.

FROM place to place forlorn I go,
 With downcast eyes, a silent shade,
 Forbidden to declare my woe ;
 To speak, 'till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pang, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray ;
 He loves, but gives me no relief ;
 Why speaks not he who may ?

A Description of Spring-garden.

FLORA, goddess sweetly blooming,
 Ever airy, ever gay,
 All her wonted charms resum'g,
 To Spring-garden calls away.
 With this blissful spot delighted,
 Here the queen of May retreats ;
 Belles and Beaux are all invited
 To partake of vary'd sweets.
 See a grand pavilion yonder,
 Rising near embow'ring shades ;
 There a temple strikes with wonder,
 In full view of colonades :
 Art and nature (kindly lavish)
 Here their mingled beauties yield ;
 Equal here the pleasures ravish
 Of the court and of the field.
 Hark ! what heav'nly notes descending
 Break upon the list'ning ear,
 Musick all its graces lending ;
 O ! 'tis extasy to hear !
 Nightingales the concert joining,
 Breathe their plaints in melting strains ;
 Vanquish'd now, their groves resigning,
 Soon they fly to distant plains.
 Lo ! what splendor round us darting,
 Swift illumine the charming scene :
 Chandeliers their lights imparting,
 Pour fresh beauties o'er the green.
 Glitt'ring lamps, in order planted,
 Strike the eye with sweet surprize :
 Adam scarce was more enchanted,
 When he saw the sun first rise.
 Now the various bands are seated,
 All dispos'd in bright array ;
 Bus'ness o'er, and cares retreated,
 With gay mirth they close the day :

Thus,

Thus, of'old, the sons of pleasure
 Pass'd in shades their fav'rite hours ;
 Nectar chearing their soft leisure,
 Blefs'd by love, and crown'd with flow'rs.

By Mr. Waller.

GO, lovely rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :

Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

*Then die, that
 may read in thee
 shall a part of
 they share
 secret & fair*

That are a hundred

By Mr. T. Otway.

Tune, Broom of Cowden-knows.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet in my mind ;
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind :
 For when, as long her chain I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn,
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

My

My rivals, rich in wordly store,
 May offer heaps of gold ;
 But surely I a heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
 For wealth, and not desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

When, like some wanting, hov'ring dove,
 I for my blifs contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Ah ! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healing part ;
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
 Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hopes to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast ;
 Her cruelty all ease denies,
 With some sad dream I start ;
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart !

Then rising, thro' the path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells ;
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells.
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart ;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

But Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told :

For

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylva, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart !

I Prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I can not have thine ;
 For if with yours you ne'er will part,
 Why then should you keep mine ?
 Yet now I think on't, let it ly,
 To send it me were vain,
 For thou'lt a thief in either eye,
 Will steal it back again.

I F love be a fault, and in me thought a crime,
 How great my offence, bear ye witness, O time !
 The days and the nights, and the hours, as they roll'd,
 You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.
 One day pass'd away, and saw nothing but love,
 Another came on, and the same thing did prove :
 The sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,
 But I grew more pleas'd when the next moment came.
 I saw you all day, and each night, with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first :
 Thus fleeting time passes, with down on its wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd, ye kings.
 If this be my crime, be my judges, ye fair,
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The cause of my death is for loving too well.

By Mr. Waller.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose :
 I pluck't it, tho' no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.
 Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone ;
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon ;
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flow'r my breath has done.
 If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love and musick too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move ?
 When that which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades !

OBserve the fragrant blushing rose,
 Tho' in the humble vale it spring,
 It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
 As in the garden of a king ;
 So calm content as oft is found compleat
 In the low cott, as in the lofty seat.

ON the banks of a river, close under the shade,
 Young Cleon and Sylvia one ev'ning were laid,
 The youth pleaded strongly for proof of his love,
 But honour had won her his flame to reprove.

She

She cry'd, where's the lustre when clouds shed the sun?
Or what is rich Nectar, the taste being gone?

'Mongst flowers on the stalk sweetest odours do dwell,
But, if gather'd, the rose itself loses the smell.

Thou dearest of nymphs, the brisk shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on love's side.

In matters of state let grave reason be shown,
But love is a pow'r will be ruled by none.

Nor should a coy beauty be counted so rare,
For scandal can blast both the chaste and the fair;
Most fierce are the joys love's alembic do fill,
And the roses are sweetest when put to the still.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon;
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
'Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
Will neither kiss nor spin.

By Mr. Otway.

PRinces that rule, and empire sway,
How transitory is their state!
Sorrows their glories do allay,
And richest crowns have greatest weight.

The mighty monarch treason fears,
 Ambitious thoughts within him rave ;
 His life all discontent and cares ,
 And he at best is but a slave.

Vainly we think with fond delight
 To ease the burden of our cares :
 Each grief a second does invite,
 And sorrows are each others heirs.

For me, my honour I'll maintain,
 Be gallant, generous, and brave ;
 And when I quietude would gain,
 At last I'll find it in the grave.

A Urelia now one moment lost,
 A thousand sighs may after cost ;
 Desires may oft return in vain,
 But youth will ne'er return again.
 The fragrant sweets which do adorn
 The glowing blushes of the morn,
 By noon are vanish'd all away :
 Then let's, Aurelia, live to-day.

A S on a sun-shine summer's day,
 I to the green wood bent my way ;
 That lonely path my fancy took
 Was guided by a silver brook ;
 And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

Upon its flow'ry banks I sat,
 Regardless of love or hate,

So took my pipe and 'gan to play
The jo'ly shepherd's roundelay :

And trust me, &c.

All in the self-same shady grove,
Youthful Silvia chanc'd to rove ;
And, by its echo led, drew near,
My rural oaten reed to hear.

But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.
I held her by the glowing hand,
She something seem'd to understand ;
Her swelling sighs, her melting look,
That something too, too plainly spoke.

But trust me, &c.

Return hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be ;

Thou art a fool to suffer pain

For love of ane that loves not thee ;

My heart, let be sic fantasie,

Love only where thou hast good cause ;

Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,

The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall ?

Be happy in thine ain free will ;

My heart be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill ;

At hame with me then tarry still ;

And see wha can best play their pauks,

And let the silly fling her fill,

For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,

She's of a kind with mony mae ;

For why, they are a felon menzie

That seemeth good and are nae sae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
 For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
 But be thou blythe, and let her gae,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea

Wild for a fight of Jafon yied ;
 Remember how young Cressida
 Left Troilus for Diomede ;
 Remember Helen, as we read,
 Brought Troy from blifs unto bare waws ;
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguill'd, gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care :
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and claufe,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,

Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill,
 Nor gie a sob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her braws ;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Return, return my lovely nymph,
 For summer's pleasures now will fade :
 The trembling leaves begin to drop,
 All nature seems as if decay'd.

Th'

Th' harmonious nightingale's retir'd,
 Th' approach of wint'ry nights to mourn;
 The lark forget's to mount the sky;
 Ah! lovely Celia, quick return.
 The blushing rose's charms decay,
 The lilly droops its lovely head;
 Sweet winding Thames begins to swell,
 And visit th' unfrequented mead.
 The shepherd's pipe neglected lyes,
 The vallies now no more delight;
 Soft pleasing scenes of country life,
 Have taken too their annual flight.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wond'rous bonny,
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money;
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover:
 But love is like the ocean;
 Wha can its depth discover!
 He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The Collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lillie.
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.
 He lov'd beyond expression,
 The charms that were about her,

And panted for possession;
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her.
 My bonny Collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye.
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while Lavrocks sing i' the morning;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true;
 O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.
 To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And while the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hostile they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste

Hast ye, hast ye, my bonny Bell,
 Hast to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I sweetly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

WITH tuneful pipe, and hearty glee,
 Young Watty wan my heart ;
 A blyther lad ye coud'na see,
 All beauty without art.
 His winning tale did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief ;
 But soon the swain gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.
 Tho' Colin courts with tuneful sang,
 Yet few regard his mane :
 The lasses a' 'round Watty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane :
 In Aberdeen was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain ;
 He daily woes, and still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.
 But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run ;
 And hardly will afford a kiss
 To silly me undone :

Bonny Katty, Maggy, Betty,
 Avoid the roving swain;
 His wily tongue be sure to shun,
 Or you, like me, or you, like me,
 Like me will be undone.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
 She burnist her baith breast and brou,
 And made her clear as ony clock:
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.
 Jock said, forsooth, I yearn fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down by you:
 Then spak her minny, and said again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
 Tchie! quo Jenny, kick, kick, I see you:
 Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
 Deil hae the liers---fu leis me o' you,
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.
 My bairn has tocher of her awn;
 A goose, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
 A bakebread and a bannock-stane;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
 A kame but and a kaming-stock;
 With coags and luggies nine or ten;
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?
 A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail;

An

An ark, an ambry and a ladle,
 A millie, and a fowen-pale,
 A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,
 And a timber-mell the beer to knock,
 Twa shelves made of an auld fir-dale :
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A furm, a furlet and a peck,
 A rock, a reel and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow and a feck,
 A spurtil-braid and an elwand.
 Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
 And cry'd, a feast ! and slew a cock,
 And made a bridal upo' hand.
 Now I hae got your Jenny, quo Jock.

Now dame, I hae your dochter marry'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er so tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarry'd,
 'Tis well kend I have gear enough :
 An auld gaw'd gloyd fell owr a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock ;
 Withouten owfen I have a pleugh :
 May that nae ser your Jenny, quo Jock.

A green truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa bits of barkin blasint leather,
 A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a tether,
 Twa croks that moup amang the heather,
 A pair of branks and a feater lock,
 A tough purse made of a swine's blather,
 To had your tocher, Jenny, quo Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to clat the byre,

A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
 The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
 And Rob my eem hecht me a stock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
 May thir nae gane your Jenny, quo Jock ?
 A pair of hames and brechim fine,
 And without bits a bridle renzie,
 A fark made of the linkome twine,
 A gay green cloke that will not stenzie ;
 Mair yet in store---I needna senzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock ;
 And are nae thae a wakrife menzie,
 To gae to bed wi' Jenny and Jock ?
 Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well kend I am well bodin :
 Ye need nae say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The wife speer'd gin the kail was sodin,
 When we hae done, tak hame the brok ;
 The rost was tough as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

JOCKY met with Jenny fair,
 Aft be the dawning of the day ;
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw his heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake ! unkind ;
 Which gars poor Jocky aften rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.

And

And its o'er the hills and far away,
 Its o'er the hills and far away,
 Its o'er the hills and far away
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.
 Young Jocky was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young ;
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play,
 Was o'er the hills and far away.
 And its, &c.

He fung---when first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter-wind.
 And its, &c.

Ah ! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief :
 But oh ! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care ;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.
 Hard was my hap to fa' in love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove.

Hard

Hard was my fate to court a maid
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she sware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake, I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.

Since that, she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, adieu to love,
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more.

Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

A Southland Jenny, that was right bonny,
Had for a suitor a norland Johny;
But he was sicken a bashfu' wooer,
That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o'er her filler,
Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march, and marry.

SHE. Come, come away, then my northland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

HE. Ye lasses of the south, ye're a' for dressing;
Lasses of the north mind milking and threshing;
My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.

For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a scaulding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

SHE. My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand
Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown; (pound,
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,
Gae hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland
Jenny.

THERE was anes a May, and she loo'd na men.
She bigget her bonny bow'r down in yon glen,
But now she cries dool! and a-well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Jonny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He heght me baith rings and mony braw things,
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sic a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what wad he do with the like of me?

Albeit I was bonny, I was nae for Jonny ;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye ;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
His auld ane look'd ay as well as some's new :
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie on the corn-bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lilly-white lee ;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.

WHEN absent from my soul's delight,
What cold suspicions freeze my breast.
Once more return'd to thy lov'd sight,
Hope too returns, my fears have rest.

IT was about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,

O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O slowly, slowly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

O I am sick, and very sick,
And its a for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When in the tavern drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it fast and narrow;
Since my love died for me to day,
I'll die for him the morrow.

THE FUMBLERS RANT.

COME carles a' of fumlbers ha',
 And I will tell you of our fate,
 Since we have married wives that's braw,
 And canna please them when 'tis late :
 A pint we'll take, our hearts to chear ;
 What fauts we hae, our wives can tell ;
 Gar bring us in baith ale and bear,
 The auldest bairn we hae's our sell.
 Christ'ning of weans we are ridd off,
 The parish priest this he can tell,
 We aw him nought but a grey groat,
 The off'ring for the house we dwell.
 Our bairns's tocher is a'-paid,
 We're masters of the gear our sell ;
 Let either well or wae betide,
 Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.
 Our nibour's auld son and the las,
 Into the barn amang the strae,
 He gripp'd her in the dark beguets,
 And after that came meikle wae.
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carle baith corn and hay ;
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.
 Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nibour Robie,
 The way the carle does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and daughter Maggy ;
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ;
 The hussy maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are nae fae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.
 Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 To Hugbie, Andrew, Rob and Tam ; We'll

We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa the cock, he's spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' the cocks they rave at yool.
 Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell:
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I shou'd bear't my fell.
 And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll take a sowp of the barley-bree,
 And drink to our yell fire-side.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
 One morning very soon,
 Put on his best apparel,
 New hose and clouted shoon;
 And he a wooing came
 To bonny buxome Nell,
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I like thee wond'rous well.
 My horses I have drest,
 And gi'n them corn and hay,
 Put on my best apparel:
 And having come this way,
 Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny Nell,
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I'll like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
 The damsel then reply'd,
 I'm not in such a haste

To be a plowman's bride ;

No, I yet live in hopes

To marry a farmer's son :

If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ;

Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your horses you have drest,

Good Hodge, I heard you say,

Put on your best apparel ;

And being come this way,

Come sit and chat a while ;

O no indeed, not I,

I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,

I've other fish to fry.

Go take your farmer's son,

With all my honest heart :

What tho' my name be Roger,

That goes at plow and cart,

I need not tarry long,

I soon may gain a wife ;

There's buxome Joan, it is well known,

She loves me as her life.

Pray what of buxome Joan ?

Can't I please you as well ?

For she has ne'er a penny,

And I am buxome Nell ;

And I have fifty shillings :

The money made him smile ;

Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,

And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half an hour

These two a bargain struck,

Hoping

Hoping that with their money
 They both wou'd have good luck.
 To your fifty I have forty,
 With which a cow we'll buy ;
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
 Then who but you and I ?

Tune, Yellow-hair'd laddie.

ON Whitsunday morning I went to the fair,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie was selling his ware ;
 He gied me sic a blythe blink with his bonny black eye,
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink it was unto me.
 I wist not what ail'd me, when my laddie came in,
 The little wee flarnies flew ay frae my een ;
 And the sweat it drapt down frae my very eye-brie,
 And my heart play'd ay dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.
 I wist not what ail'd me, when I went to my bed,
 I tossed and tumbled, and sleep frae me fled,
 Now its sleeping and waking, he is ay in my eye,
 And my heart plays ay dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking ;
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a bawk ;
 Where yellow corn was growing,

There

There mony a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a glowing.

He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony ;

That gars me like to sing finfyne,

O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chastly should be granting ;

Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,

And syne my cockernony

He's free to touzle air or late,

Where corn rigs are bonny.

FOR the sake of somebody,

For the sake of somebody,

I cou'd wake a winter-night

For the sake of somebody :

I am gawn to seek a wife,

I am gawn to buy a plaidy,

I have three stane of woo,

Carling, is thy daughter ready ?

For the sake, &c.

Betty, lassy, say't thy sel,

Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,

First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,

Let her flyte and syne come too :

What signifies a mither's gloom,

When love and kisses come in play ?

Shou'd we wither in our bloom,

And in simmer make nae hay ?

SHE.

SHE. Bonny lad, I care na by,
 'Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The haff-mark bridal band wi' me ;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the tryfing place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done

HE. Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;
 Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Shou'd eat ; ---- and lovers shou'd embrace ;
 -If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Jonny faintly teld fair Jean his mind ;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang :
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind ;
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live ; but O I'm wae,
 And unco sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain ;
 Ah ! should a breast sae fast as yours
 Contain a heart of stane ?

RECIT-

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
 With melting heart she listned to the boy ;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love :
 He in return thus sang his rising joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the power to pine ;
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kiss.

MAGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither ;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her :
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting shot ;
 And syne came ben the lass,
 Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.
 My daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand :
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.

Your

Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The las bound in her snood,
 And Crummie who kens her stake :
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them th' gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land :
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither ;
 A house is butt and ben,
 And Crummie will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouthier pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that you need nae fear,
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal ;
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.
 Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,

The horse that I ride on
 Is Robie Wilson's mare;
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my koots:
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look fae crouse;
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll make na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain,
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither,
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

AT Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conveen
 To dance about the thorn.
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view

A lover and a lad compleat,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the sna',
While inwardly they bleeze ;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee ;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new mawn hay,
With fangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day,
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,
To tak a part of mine.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :

Red-cheeked, you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

AS down in the meadow I chanced to pass,
Oh! there I beheld a beautiful lass;
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
And she on her head wore a garland of green:
Her lips were like rubies; and as for her eyes,
They sparkl'd like diamonds, or stars in the skies;
And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind?
Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree?
Ah! why does he change to another from me?

Or

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so ?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow ?
 Susannah will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity, lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There did we pass the sweet minutes away ;
 Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.
 And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
 I milk'd him sweet sillabubs under my cow ;
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee !
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me ! and Fanny the fair
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care :
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me :
 But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain,
 For nought is more certain, believe, silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife,
 She cou'd not refuse him ; so to church they went ;
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue ;
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true ?

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main !
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain.

We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true ;
 And would not commit a bad action,
 For power or profit in view.

C H O R U S.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart, and thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorow the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright ;
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, who to pol'ticks are strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortal than we can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.

He begg'd for admittance, she answer'd him, no,
 Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My Dolly, my dear, your true love is here,
 Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump :

No, no, Roger, no, as you came you may go,
 Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump.

Oh

Oh what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
 Humpaty, &c.
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd ?
 Trumpaty, &c.
 Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,
 Crumpaty, &c.
 Suppose there's been two, fir, pray what's that to you,
 Numpaty, &c. (fir,
 Oh ! then with a sad look his farewell he took,
 Humpaty, &c.
 And all in despair he leap'd into the brook,
 Plumpaty, &c.
 His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,
 Mumpaty, &c.
 He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more,
 Rumpaty, &c.
 Oh ! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
 Humpaty, &c.
 Whilst he like a madman ran over the plain,
 Slumpaty, &c.
 Determin'd to find a damsel more kind,
 Plumpaty, &c.
 While Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid,
 Mumpaty, &c.

WHY has not love reflection's eyes ?
 Why, but from sorrow must we know
 That folly is the seed of vice,
 And vice the nursery of woe.
 Chloe, when thy charms invite,
 A folly in enjoyment lyes ;
 And wisdom bids us shun delight ;
 Wisdom is weak, and folly wise.

Fair virtue loses all her charms,
 If from thy bosom she deters :
 And vice inviting to thy arms,
 In virtue's heavenly form appears.
 Destruction tempting in thy eyes,
 So lovely a disguise puts on,
 We see where our undoing lyes,
 Yet cry, 'tis heaven to be undone.

By J. DRYDEN.

CALM was the even, and clear was the sky,
 And the new budding flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I,
 To hear the sweet nightingales sing,
 I sat, and he laid him down by me,
 But scarcely his breath he could draw ;
 For when, with fear, he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.
 He blush'd to himself, and lay still a while,
 And his modesty curb'd his desire ;
 But streight I o'ercame all his fear with a smile,
 Which added new flames to his fire ;
 O Silvia, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor lover in awe :
 Then once more he prest his hand to my breast,
 But was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.
 I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case ;
 I whisper'd him softly, there's nobody near,
 And laid my cheek close to his face.
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A shepherd came by us and saw ;
 And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd out with a ha, ha, ha.

The

The TUTOR.

COME my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss ;
Come, my love, here's none but we,

I'll instruct thee how to kiss :

Why turn from me that dear face ?

Why that blush and downcast eye ?

Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twynning arms

Round my neck, or round my waist ;

And whilst I devour thy charms,

Let me closely be embrac'd :

Then when soft ideas rise,

And your gay desires grow strong ;

Let them sparkle in thine eyes,

Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,

Look with transport on my face ;

Kiss me, press me, every thing

To endear the fond embrace :

Every tender name of love,

In soft whispers let me hear ;

And let speaking nature prove

Every extasy sincere.

The SECRET KISS.

AT the silent ev'ning hour,
Two fond lovers, in a bow'r,
Sought their mutual bliss ;
Tho' her heart was just relenting,
Tho' her eyes seem'd just consenting,
Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.

Since

Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
 Will those rosy blushes hide,
 Why, why will you resist?
 When no tell-tale spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Who, who wou'd not be kifs'd?
 Celia hearing what he said,
 Blushing, lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill;
 Since, she cry'd, no spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Kifs, kifs, or what you will.

The BORROW'D KISS.

SEE I languish, see I faint,
 I must borrow, beg or steal;
 Can you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel?
 Give, or lend, or let me take
 One sweet kiss, I ask no more;
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
 I'll repay it with a score.
 Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate and sweet;
 Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
 And for me to give's not meet:
 But I'll lend a kiss or twain
 To poor Colin in distress;
 Not that I'll be paid again,
 Colin, I mean nothing less.

The RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia, who can speak my bliss;
 Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss;
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms;
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.
 Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my heart with rapture beat;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet:
 Look not so divinely on me,
 Celia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me;
 Who'd not die a death like this?

The STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind
 Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing;
 Tempted with the swelling charms,
 Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her arms,
 Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.
 O'er her downy panting breast,
 His delighted fingers roving,
 To her lips his lips he prest
 In the extasy of loving:

Chloe

Chloe wak'ned with his kifs,
 Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
 Cry'd, true lovers share the blifs,
 Why then, Colin, wou'd you steal it ?

The IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I faw, as ſhe trip'd o'er the green,
 Fair, blooming, ſoft, artleſs and kind ;
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and ſenſe in her mien,
 And warmneſs with modeſty join'd ;
 Transported with ſudden amazement, I ſtood
 Faſt rivetted down to the place :
 Her delicate ſhape, eaſy motion, I view'd,
 And wander'd o'er every grace.
 Ye gods, what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
 What raptures muſt dwell in her arms !
 On her lips I could feaſt, on her breaſt I could die ;
 O Fanny, how ſweet are thy charms !
 Whiſt thus in idea my paſſion I fed,
 Soft tranſport my ſenſes invade,
 Young Damon ſtep'd up, with the ſubſtance he fled,
 And left me to kiſs but the ſhade.

The FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join
 Lovely pouting lips to mine ;
 To the bee the flow'ry field
 Such a banquet does not yield :
 Not the dewy morning roſe,
 ſo much ſweetneſs does diſcloſe :

Not

Not the gods such Nectar sip,
 As Colin from thy balmy lip.
 Kiss me then, with rapture kiss,
 We'll surpass the gods in bliss,
 We'll surpass, we'll surpass,
 We'll, &c.

The MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms,
 Let me taste again thy charms;
 Kiss me, press me to thy breast
 In raptures not to be express'd :
 Let me clasp thy lovely waist,
 Throw thy arms around my neck ;
 Thus embracing, and embrac'd,
 Nothing shall our raptures check ;
 Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing,
 Lips with lips together growing,
 Eyes with tears of gladness flowing,
 Eyes and lips and hearts shall show
 The excess of joy that meeting lovers know,
 The excess, &c.

The RECONCILING KISS.

WHY that sadness on thy brow?
 Why that starting chrystal tear ?
 Dearest Polly, let me know,
 For thy grief I cannot bear.
 Polly, with a sigh, reply'd,
 What needs I the cause impart ?

Did

Did not you this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as she spoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms;
O, my dear, that tender look
Every passion quite disarms.

By this dear relenting kiss,
I'd no anger in my thought;
Come, my love, by this and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot.

As when sudden stormy rain
Every drouping flowret spoils;
When the sun shines out again,
All the face of nature smiles.

Polly so reviv'd and chear'd,
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head up rear'd,
Sweetly smiling in his face.

The MUTUAL KISS.

CELIA, by these smiling graces,
Which my panting bosom warm;
By the heav'n of thy embraces,
By thy wond'rous pow'r to charm;
By these soft bewitching glances
Which my inmost bosom move;
By these lips whose kiss intrances,
Thee, and thee alone I love.

By thy godlike art of loving,
Celia with a blush replies;
By thy heav'nly power of moving
All my soul to sympathize;

By

By these eager soft caresses,
 By those arms around me thrown,
 By that look which truth expresses,
 My fond heart is all thy own.

Thus, with glowing inclination,
 They indulge the tender bliss:
 And to bind the lasting passion,
 Seal it with a mutual kiss:
 Close in fond embraces lying,
 They together seem to grow;
 Such supreme delight enjoying,
 As true lovers only know.

J E N N Y.

STERN winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
 And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
 While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
 I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

J O C K Y.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
 Pinks, daizies and woodbines I bring to my maid;
 Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
 A posy to form for my queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
 When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
 You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
 Forgetting poor Jenny your queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Young Willy is handsome in shepherds green dress,
 He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast;

Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay,
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the May?

J E N N Y.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies :
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is forever the theme of my song ;
From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny my queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jocky is true ;
Then to your blith shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Of ev'ry degree ye young lovers draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, what e'er may appear ;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray,
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

J E N N Y.

At eve' when the sun seeks repose in the west,
And May's tuneful choirists all skim to their rest ;
When I meet on the green the dear youth I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst from my breast.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you ;
We live for each other both constant and true,
And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew.

TO

TO Celia thus fond Damon said,
Here's a mossy carpet laid ;

And then her hand he press'd,
Free from the world's intruding eye,
Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy ;
He look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprise,
While pleasure sparkl'd in her eyes ;

Sure Damon does not mean----
The shepherd stopp'd her with a kiss,
And clasp'd her panting breast to his ;
My dear, we are not seen.

Then by a thousand kisses more,
A thousand tender oaths he swore,
His love shou'd never end.
She call'd on all the powers above,
None heard her but the god of love ;
And he was Damon's friend.

And is there then no help, she said,
By Damon thus to be betray'd ?
Then hung her head and blush'd.
O Damon, will you yet be good ?
The shepherd smil'd, and said he would ;
She sigh'd, and all was hush'd.

The ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
I love to try all women-kind,
The fair, the smart, the witty ;
In Cupid's fetters most severe,
I languish'd out the long, long year,
The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length, I broke the galling chain,
And swore that love was endless pain,
One constant scene of folly.

I vow'd, no more to wear the yoke;
But soon I felt the second stroke,
And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.

With tresses next, of flaxen hue,
Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
That lives in yonder alley.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blith and young,
My roving heart from bondage sprung;
This heart of yielding metal.

And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.

Tune, To danton me.

WHEN first I saw thee, graceful, move,
- Ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love,
If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And though you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

I'LL

I'LL sing to my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good natur'd and frolick and gay,
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play ;
 And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips and my hair ;
 Rose, violet nor lily with me can compare,
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply,
 If you mean to destroy me, why, say it, I'll die ;
 I trembled all over, and answered, not I.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat ;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet.

And a bonny young, &c.

The JUDICIOUS FAIR.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
 And easy, and witty, and good humour'd too ;
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune ;
 All this has been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I ?
 My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring.
 For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er,
 To love me for life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there.
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day;
 For that, if you love me, your flame must be true,
 And I in my turn may be taught to love too.

By Mr. OTWAY.

COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
 By cruel beauty's pride;

Bring each a garland on his head,

Let none his sorrows hide:

But hand in hand around me move,

Singing the saddest tales of love;

And see, when your complaints ye join,

If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I;

My heart no sorrows knew:

Pity the pain with which I die,

But ask not whence it grew.

Yet if a tempting fair you find,

That's very lovely, very kind,

Tho' bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears,

Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,

That you, with taste uncommon,

Have play'd the girls this trick,

And wedded an old woman?

Happy Dick.

Each Belle condemns the choice

Of a youth so gay and sprightly;

But

But we your friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly.

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten thousand pounds,
Ten thousand charms are center'd.

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd flow'r;
Nor can the fairest maid
Insure her bloom an hour.

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient,
As the curious value coin
The more, for being ancient.

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her.

Oft is the married state
With jealousies attended;
And hence, thro' foul debate,
The nuptial joys suspended:

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under,
She's yours alone for life,
Or much we all shall wonder.

Her death wou'd grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you!
O my life, she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you.

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the d---l's in her.

Some have the name of hell

To matrimony given ;

How fallſly, you can tell,

Who find it ſuch a heaven.

With you, each day and night

Is crown'd with joy and gladneſs ;

While envious virgins bite

The hated ſheets for madneſs.

With ſpouſe long ſhare the bliſs

Y'had miſs'd in any other ;

And when you've bury'd this,

May you have ſuch another.

Obſerving hence, from you,

In marriage ſuch decorum,

Our wiſer youth ſhall do

As you have done before 'em,

Happy Dick.

Sung by Diana, in Mr. Dryden's ſecular Maſque.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hy to my wood-land walks away ;

I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,

And tye to my forehead a waxing moon ;

I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,

And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks ;

With ſhooting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,

And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

With ſhooting, &c.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart ?

To

To gold and title you relent ;
 Love throws in vain his dart.
 Let glittering fools in courts be great ;
 For pay let armies move ;
 Beauty shou'd have no other bait
 But gentle vows and love.
 If on those endless charms you lay
 The value that's their due,
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 A thousand worlds too few.
 But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,
 Ah Celia ! if true love's your price ?
 Behold it in my heart.

From Swift's MISSELANIES, Vol. IV.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye.
 Oh ! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
 Of lovely, dearest Nelly !
 For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er past by Calai--
 For when as Nelly came to France,
 (Invited by her Cousins)
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd frenchmen by whole dozens ;
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckn to his hussar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat,
 For charming Nell to buss her.

The

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected :
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And pufs her tail erected :
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly ;
 Then said the duke de Villeroy,
Ah ! qu'elle est bien jolie !

But who's that grave philosopher
 That carefully looks at 'er ?
 By his concern it shou'd appear,
 The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy ! (quoth then a courtier sly)
 He on his child does leer too :
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papa's will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your terms *Francoises*)
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly ;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli gardens, and St. Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *allee* :
 But Venus had a brazen face,
 Both at Versailles and Meudon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian :

Lord!

Lord ! how these foreigners would stare,
 But I should turn Pygmalion :
 For spite of lips, and eyes, and mein,
 Me nothing can delight so
 As does that part that lyes between
 Her left toe and her right toe.

By J. DRYDEN.

ON a bank beside a willow,
 Heav'n her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone ;
 From the chearless dawn of morning,
 'Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd, joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth, and such a lover ;
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he ;
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his ev'ry feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :

Melting kisses, murm'ring blisses !
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both ly dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before.

To befriend me, death, come end me,
 Love and Damon are no more.

By

By Mr. GAY.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream,
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow :
 What, alas ! shou'd fill her head,
 But a fountain or a mead,
 Water and a willow ?

Love in cities never dwells,
 He delights in rural cells,
 Which sweet woodbine covers.
 What are your assemblies then ?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men,
 But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows !
 Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
 Coxcombs without number :
 Moon and stars, that shone so bright,
 To the torch and waxen light,
 And whole nights at Ombre.

Pleasant as it is to hear
 Scandal tickling in our ear,
 Ev'n of our own mothers ;
 In the chit chat of the day,
 To us is paid, when we're away,
 What we lent to others.

Tho' the fav'rite toast I reign,
 Wine, they say, that prompts the vein,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation ?

Thus

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
 Her empty purse beside her lay :
 Nymph, ah ! cease thy sorrow ;
 Tho' curst fortune frown to night,
 This odious town can give delight,
 If you win to-morrow.

By Mr. WALLER.

WHILST I listen to thy voice,
 Chloris, I feel my life decay ;
 That pow'rful noise
 Calleth my fleeting soul away :
 Oh ! suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.
 Peace, Chloris, peace ; or singing die,
 That together you and I
 To heav'n may go :
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

By LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHY should a heart so tender break ?
 O Myra ! give its anguish ease ;
 The use of beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex, but please.
 Those lips for smiling were design'd,
 That bosom to be prest.
 Your eyes to languish, and look kind,
 For am'rous arms your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right
 Establish'd by the pow'rs above ;
 The sun and stars give warmth and light,
 The fair distribute love.

By Sir R. STEEL.

LET not love on me bestow
 Soft distress and silent woe ;
 I know none but substantial blisses,
 Eager glances, solid kisses ;
 I know not what the lovers feign
 Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain ;
 'Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
 None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

By Sir R. STEEL.

YE minutes bring the happy hour,
 And Chloe, blushing, to the bow'r ;
 Then shall all idle flames be o'er,
 Nor eyes or heart e'er wander more :
 Both, Chloe, fix'd for e'er on thee,
 For thou art all thy sex to me.

A guilty is a false embrace ;
 Corinna's love's a fairy chase ;
 Begone, thou meteor, fleeting fire,
 And all that can't survive desire ;
 Chloe my reason moves and awe,
 And Cupid shot me when he saw.

By

By Sir R. STEEL.

CYNDERAXA, kind and good,
 Has all my heart and stomach too,
 She makes me love, not hate my food,
 As other peevish wenches do.

When Venus leaves her Vulcan's cell,
 Which all but I, a Coal-hole call;
 Fly, fly, ye that above stairs dwell,
 Her face is wash'd, then vanish all.

And as she's fair, she can impart
 That beauty, to make all things fine;
 Brightens the floor with wond'rous art,
 And at her touch the dishes shine.

By Sir R. STEEL.

ON yonder bed, supinely laid,
 Behold thy lov'd expecting maid,
 In tremor, blushes, half in tears,
 Much, much she wishes, more she fears &
 Take, take her to thy faithful arms,
 Hymen bestows thee all her charms.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the fair,
 To raise thy joy, and hush thy care:
 Heav'n made grief, if mutual, cease,
 But joy divided to increase:
 To mourn with her exceeds delight,
 Darkneſs with her, the joys of light.

Tune, The laſt that would know how to manage a man.

WHAT man, in his wits, had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give:

Ever busy, the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent or alone ;
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still ;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
But accurs'd with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest :
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye :
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine enemy die.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire ;
Those charms, those virtues when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire ?

While each the other still improves,
The fairest face, the fairest mind ;
Not, with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

By T. CARRY.

NO more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs ;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,

Nor

Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble oak no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow :
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly,
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

JOCKY he came here to woo
On ae feast-day when we were fu' ;
And Jenny pat on her best array,
When she heard Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sae privily to change her smock ;
And ay sae loud as her mither did roar,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bobbing and bakin' ben ;
Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
And a bra' new made manco gown.

Jocky took her be the hand,
 O Jenny, can ye fancy me ;
 My father is dead, and has left me some land,
 And bra houses twa or three.

And I will gie them a' to you,
 A heath, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock :
 Then foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee,
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny look't, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent ;
 A weel, good-wife, and what say ye ?
 Quo' she, Jocky, I'm well content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some good meat,
 A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day,
 That Jocky and I th' gither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat ;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jock and Jenny were led to their bed,
 And Jocky he lay neist the stock,
 And five or six times e'er break o'day,
 He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock.

Quoth Jenny, dear Jock, you gi'e me content,
 I blifs my mither for gi'ing consent ;
 And on the next morning before the first cock,
 Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gate,
 Wi' a green gown as sild as her smock ;
 And ay fae loud as her mither did roar,
 Vow firs ! has nae Jenny got Jock.

Tune;

Tune, *Logan-water.*

FROM fair Calista's cold disdain,
I sought for refuge on the plain;
The trees, fann'd by the wanton air,
With tuneful whispers sooth'd my care.

From Cupid's pow'r at once I flew,
To love's soft voice I bid adieu;
The nymphs pass'd by, I kept unmov'd,
Nor saw a shape or face I lov'd.

But ah! how weak is reasons aid,
When love points out the killing maid?
Salinda on the plain appear'd,
I felt the pangs which most I fear'd.

At her approach my blood ran cool,
A melting horror caught my soul;
Her angel step seiz'd on my eyes,
My thoughts were lost in dread surprize.

In admiration long I gaz'd,
At all her radiant charms amaz'd;
Her awful mein, majestic grace,
But words must not attempt her face.

The warbling linnet gently cag'd,
With thoughts of hard restraint enrag'd,
Flies to the fields to seek relief,
But there is sure to find his death.

Ah! lovely fair, let pity reign,
Nor more appear upon the plain;
If thousands by your looks you kill,
You should, in mercy, thousands heal.

Oh! that my plaint your breast might move,
For smile or frown, I still must love;
The sportive lamb beneath the knife
Salutes the hand that takes its life.

DECK'D

DECK'D with flowers 'midst the bowers,
 See my beauteous Chloe reclin'd ;
 Soft reposing, charms disclosing,
 Ever fair, but never kind.

Sad in anguish, while I languish,
 Linnets lend their listning ear,
 Me they pity in soft ditty,
 Or in concert sue the fair.

Vallies sounding, rocks rebounding,
 In compassion speak my moan ;
 Vocal mountains, chrystal fountains,
 All the plaintive notes return.

Fairest creature, form'd by nature,
 Kindly hear your love complain ;
 To my sighing be complying;
 For I die if you disdain.

Tune, Saw you not my Peggy.

O HOW Peggy charms me ;
 Ev'ry look still warms me ;
 Ev'ry thought alarms me,
 Lest I lose the fair :
 Sure, a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So compleat each feature,
 So divine an air.

When I hope to gain her ;
 Fate seems to detain her ;
 Could I but obtain her,

Her alone I've chose :
 And since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,

To 'er breast I'll vent my woes,

Tune,

Tune, *Cowden-knows.*

I NEITHER woo the sacred nine,
 Nor court a poet's praise ;
 Let love conduct the dear design,
 And she approve my lays.
 Can I but grieve, when Celia lyes
 Depriv'd of peace and ease ?
 The sun may then forget to rise,
 And beauty cease to please.
 If fate shall cut life's slender twine,
 And call my charmer hence ;
 More fit to grace the choirs divine,
 Than live in scenes of sense.
 Like mourning widow turtle, I
 Will seek the lonely shade ;
 And coo away the joyless day
 In praises of the dead.
 The passing winds, the purling stream,
 And poets of the grove,
 In chorus join'd, shall sigh the name,
 And sing the nymph I love.
 Grant her, ye powers, a kind reprieve,
 Or call me to the sky ;
 If Celia lives, I'll gladly live :
 If Celia dies, I'll dy.

Tune, *Critical Minute.*

AS once, reclining on the beech,
 The gentle Thirsis stood,
 He fetch'd a sigh, and thus address'd
 The deity of the flood.

The

The briny surge tempestuous May,
 With giddy horror, roll,
 And, urg'd by Boreas' fiercest rage,
 Roar on from pole to pole,
 With philosophic unconcern,
 Thy threatening billows I
 Can view, when most they rage, nor dread
 The fury of the sky.

In some light skiff then let me prove
 The dangers of the main ;
 The merc'less seas me less can move,
 Than Chloe's cold disdain.

Oft tofs'd in love's tempestuous tide,
 With various fortune, I
 The am'rous storm have weather'd out,
 Yet now for Chloe sigh.

In vain I languish, pant and burn,
 My tender suit I move.
 Can no fond vow, sincerely breath'd,
 Make Chloe melt to love ?

'Tis all in vain, what, no relief
 But from the craggy steep ?
 The milder ocean I defy,
 And sound the gloomy deep.

Then, plunging in the flood, he cried
 If on my Chloe's breast
 No bliss I feel, perhaps I may
 In Thetis' bosom rest.

Pretty wanton, come away,
 Lover's month is always May;
 Long have I (too long to say)
 Sw'd thee wanton thing to play ;

But,

But, alas, and well-a-day !
When I sue, you cry me nay.

To requite my ling'ring stay,
Pay me now, or never pay ;
Nature smiles, and all is gay,
All is deck'd in best array ;
Pretty wanton, come away ;
Let us love the month of May.

Little wanton, let us rove
Through the fragrant myrtle grove,
There to hear the turtle dove
Cooing sonnets to its love.
Every turtle equals Jove,
Tho' the god for beauty strove.

Let us then our time improve,
Sonnets may your scorn remove,
Coyness doth not thee behove,
Wear the wreath a shepherd wove ;
Little wanton, let us rove
Through the fragrant myrtle grove.

Pr'ythee, wanton, come away,
Slight not love with cold delay ;
Ev'ry field is green and gay,
Ev'ry hawthorn's crown'd with May ;
Jocund birds on ev'ry spray,
Warble out the live long day.

Ev'ry swain in shepherd's gray,
Tunes his fav'rite roundelay ;
Tender lambkins sportive stay,
Blossom buds their sweets display ;
Come, my wanton, come away,
And love all the month of May.

OFT has the power of love essay'd
 To captivate my heart ;
 But reason still the sceptre sway'd,
 And warded off the dart :
 But soon as lovely Peggy shone,
 Along the verdant fields ;
 My feeble reason left the throne,
 And I was forc'd to yield.

When she perceived her empire
 Establish'd in my breast ;
 With cruel art she fann'd the fire,
 And robb'd me of my rest :
 Dearest, said I, since thus I burn,
 And sink beneath your chain ;
 Grant me, at least, some kind return,
 To mitigate my pain.

But Peggy's adamant heart,
 Nor sighs nor tears could bend ;
 She triumph'd in my bitter smart,
 No pity would extend.
 On other swains who feign a flame,
 Her smiles serenely shine ;
 The sight, the thought dissolves my frame,
 While hopeless I repine.

Reflect, my charmer, and be wise,
 Their tongues can utter love,
 Whose hearts are masqued with disguise,
 But I wou'd constant prove :
 Dissemblers cry up every charm,
 Your virtue to betray ;
 When of this gem they you disarm,
 They'll laugh, and run away.

YE heavenly powers, who guard the fair,
 Let Betty's charms employ your care ;

May each fleet hour to her be blest,
 And may no fears her mind invest ;
 Direct her to receive that love
 Which heav'n and she must needs approve.
 For at love's shrine, 'twas there decreed,
 For her my tender heart should bleed.

Check not, my fair, what heaven inspires,
 That love which burns with chaste desires ;
 Where joy with love alike preside
 O'er life's dull scenes to be our guide :
 Where honour, truth and virtue join'd,
 At once improve and cheer the mind.
 There social pleasures ever last,
 And mutal glide from breast to breast.

Then haste, my beauteous maid, to crown
 My bliss, and make my joys your own.
 Shun what obstructs kind heav'n's design
 In making lovely Betty mine :
 Let love your rising fears controul,
 Divest each care and fill your soul ;
 Then mutual bliss shall swell each breast,
 Till press'd with age, we sink to rest.

WHEN modest Lilia's down-cast eyes,
 Gives token that she loves ;
 Within my soul what raptures rise,
 What joys my bosom proves !

My heaving heart o'ercome with bliss,
 Beats quick within my breast ;
 Whilst in each warm and eager kiss,
 My passion is confess'd.

I melt, I pant with strong delight,
 And languishments unknown;
 Such ardours nothing could excite,
 But Lilia's love alone.

Oh! sweetest virgin, ever shine,
 With kind indulgent rays,
 Upon a heart so soft as mine,
 That all thy truth repays.

My tender soul was form'd for love,
 And owns thy sov'reign sway;
 Oh! let thy smiles the vows approve,
 Which at thy feet I pay.

DIRE love, shou'd be check'd by advice;
 And nymphs of discernment agree,
 False Damon, that Molly's unwise,
 In owning a fondness for thee;
 Most sage are the maids, who despise
 The joys thou allur'st them to taste;
 Who doubt all thy oaths and thy sighs,
 And swift from thy blandishments haste.

Bright wisdom will lessen their cares,
 Feign'd love will depress ev'ry joy;
 Will bring them too soon to gray hairs;
 Too late make them wish they'd been coy.
 Then Molly, be wise, nor give way,
 To joys, that will make thy blood cold;
 Will snatch all thy comforts away,
 And soon make thee wrinkled and old.

WHAT charms attract my ravish'd eyes,
 Each sense, how caught with sweet surprise,
 When

When o'er the fair they rove?
 The lilies white, her breast excels,
 Upon her cheeks the rose bud dwells,
 That paints the flow'ry grove.

Clarinda chearing as the light,
 Which quite dispels the dreary night,
 And sooths the tray'lers pain ;
 More charming than the ruddy morn,
 When Philomel on each green thorn,
 Delights the list'ning swain.

There virtue shines with sharpest wit,
 There prudence and good nature fit,
 She every grace doth share :

No pride rules tyrant o'er her mind,
 How free, genteel, and how refin'd !
 These cannot but insnare.

With nature, unadorn'd with art,
 She makes a victim ev'ry heart,

To her resistless charms :
 Her looks array'd with pleasing smiles,
 Each tort'ring care and pain beguiles,
 And ev'ry bosom warms.

HOW noble was my Damon's air !
 His dress how rich ! how smart, his air !
 His shape was form'd to give delight.
 His speech, how tenderly polite !
 And yet this youth declar'd his pain,
 And breath'd his vows to me in vain :
 For oh ! my star was turn'd my foe,
 And I was doom'd to say him no.

Not thus repuls'd, again he came,
 And urg'd the brightness of his flame;
 Urg'd it in odes, like him divine,
 Without the lover's whine and pine;

But easy, graceful, and *sans frai*,
 He wrote what Cupid bid him say;
 And had my star not been my foe,
 My lips had sure not said him no.

How happy, Myra, were those days,
 When Bath re-echo'd with thy praise;
 How did the envious Belles repine,
 To think the youth was only thine?
 Yet thou repaidst his love with scorn,
 Ingratitude! how sharp thy thorn?
 Why, why was then my star my foe,
 How could these lips then say him no?

Now drove from me by cold despair,
 He wooing seeks some foreign fair;
 While she his love with love returns,
 And glories in the fire that burns,
 Blow, blow, east wind, blow out that fire,
 With the same blast; here land my flyer;
 Then tho' each star in heaven's my foe,
 These lips shall never say him no.

THIRSI, if you my voice obey,
 And listen to a knowing swain;
 You'll never mind what women say,
 But let them talk and chide in vain,

O never in the least believe;
 Their blush or frown, they'll still be kind
 Believe their tongue does still deceive,
 And womens looks ne'er tell their mind;



If useless still you find your art,

The magic of their tongues to lay;
O think they do not speak their heart;
Cast foolish modesty away.

IN the dark and lonely bow'r,
At the silent mid-night hour,
Let me, let me all alone,
Ruminate on pleasures gone;
Ah! days of bliss, delightful days,
Could I these days of bliss restore,
When sick with love, and vain with praise,
I sighing heard what'er he swore.
Sadly solemn be the strain,
Suited to a heart in pain;
Mirth and pleasure I forgo,
Welcome sorrow, welcome woe;
Too long in folly's court I stray'd,
A fond and witless maid I ween;
Ah! faithless swain, how oft he said,
No nymph so fair he e'er had seen.
Beauty fades, and youth retires,
And mirth's airy train expires
Wiping tears from pity's eyes,
Waiting loves are hovering nigh;
Let virgin hands fresh flow'rs supply,
To strew a hapless virgin's bier;
Ah! perjur'd swain can you deny
To drop a sad relenting tear?

Tune, *Happy hours, all hours excelling.*

OTHERS, fame or wealth pursuing,
May despise a mean retreat;
And women look no farther

I'll ne'er seek my own undoing,
 Nor be wretched to be great;
 Tinsel court, or dull exchange,
 Poor the pleasures that they give;
 O let me the country range,
 There we breath, and there we live.
 Gay the verdent sides of mountains,
 Lambs in flow'ry vallies bleat;
 Blooming pastures, purling fountains,
 Echo's plaints of love repeat.
 Birds in gladsome notes express,
 Sweetest music without art,
 Nature's bounty, and there blest,
 With a joyful guiltless heart.

Colin's Description (to his Wife) of Spring Gardens.

O Mary, soft in feature,
 I've been in dear Vauxhall;
 No Paradise is sweeter,
 Not that they Eden call:
 At night such new vagaries,
 Such gay and harmless sport;
 All lookt like sporting fairies,
 And this their monarch's court.
 Methought, when first I enter'd,
 Such splendors round me shone,
 Into a world I ventur'd,
 Where rose another sun:
 Whilst music never cloying,
 As sky larks sweet, I hear;
 The sounds I'm still enjoying,
 They'll always sooth my ear.

Here

Here paintings sweetly glowing

Where e'er our glances fall;

Here colours life bestowing,

Bedeck this Greenwood-hall;

The king there dubs a farmer,

There John his doxy loves;

But my delight's the charmer,

Who steals a pair of gloves*

As, still amaz'd, I am straying

O'er this enchanted grove,

I spy a Harper† playing

All in his proud alcove;

I doft my hat, desiring

He'd tune up buxom Joan;

But what was I admiring?

Odzooks! a man of stone.

But now the table's spreading,

They all fall too with glee

Not ev'n at 'Squires fine wedding

Such dainties did I see

I long'd (poor starv'ling rover)

But none heed country elves;

These folk with lace daub'd o'er,

Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'midst joys abounding,

As grasshoppers they're gay;

At distance, crouds surrounding

The lady of the May‡:

The

* Alluding to three Pictures in the Pavilions, viz. The King and the Miller of Mansfield, the Sailors in a Tippling House in Wapping, and the Girl who is Stealing a Kife from the sleeping Gentleman.

† Mr. Handel's Statue.

‡ Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sitting under her splendid Pavilion or Tent in Spring-Gardens.

The man i'th' moon tweer'd sily;

Soft twinkling thro' the trees,
As tho' 'twould please him highly
To taste delights like these.

And we'll smooze the trees

WOO'D and married and a' woo'd, &c.
Was she nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'

The bride came out o' the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,

And has neither blankets nor sheets;
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;

The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had ye're tongue, me doghter,

And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i'th' fether,
And our bra' basin'd yad,

Will carry ye hame ye're corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mather,
What d---l needs a this pride;

I had nae a plack i' me pouch

That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsey,

And ne'er a fark ava;
And ye ha'e ribbans and buskins,
Mac than ane or twa.

What's
And there's a knight of the post

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer th' gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas :

Simmer is coming on,

And we'll get teats o' woo ;
 And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths a-new.

Out spake the brides brither,

As he came in wi' the kie ;

Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,

Had he kent ye as weel as I ;

For ye're baith proud and sawcy,

And no for a poor man's wife ;

Gin I canna get a better,

I's never tak ane i' me life.

Out spake the bride's sister,

As she came in frae the byre ;

O gin I were but married,

It's a' that I desire :

But we poor fo'k maun live single,

And do the best we can ;

I dinna care what I shou'd want,

If I cou'd get but a man.

MERRY BEGGARS.

1. BEGGAR. **I** Once was a poet at London,
 I keep my heart still full of glee ;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For-begging's no new trade to me.
 Toll deroll, &c.

2. BEG. I once was an attorney at law,
 And after a knight of the post ;

Give

Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
And I value not who rules the roast.

3. BEG. Make room for a soldier in buff,
Who valiantly strutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely fold out.

4. BEG. Here comes a courtier polite, fir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, fir,
Because he miss'd getting a place,

5. BEG. I still am a merry gut-scraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.

6. BEG. I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd;
But my hearers half-starv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not a word that I said.

7. BEG. Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a barn?

CHORUS of all.

'Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

Tune, *Black-ey'd Susan*.

YE powers! was Damon then so blest,
To fall to charming Delia's share;
Delia, the beauteous maid, possess
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?

Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd

She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;

With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,

I felt and blest the new-born-flame.

May softest pleasures ceaseless round her move,

May all her days be joy, and nights be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,

That breast where love and graces play,

O name beyond expression blest!

Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.

To be so lodg'd! the thought is extasy:

Who would not wish in Paradise to ly?

Tune, *Green Sleeves.*

YE watchful guardians of the fair,

Who skiff on wings of ambient air,

Of my dear Delia take a care,

And represent her lover

With all the gaiety of youth,

With honour, justice, love and truth;

'Till I return, her passions sooth,

For me in whispers move her.

Be careful; no base sordid slave,

With soul sunk in a golden grave,

Who knows no virtue but to save,

With glit'ring gold bewitch her.

Tell her, for me she was design'd,

For me, who know how to be kind,

And have more plenty in my mind,

Than one who's ten times richer.

Let

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasures, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But, cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets, in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of musick pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds, to please her.

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.
 So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;
 Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
 That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of highdesert,
 Strove to enchant the am'rous king ;
 But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing ;
 Clarinda thus our song inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest lays,

But

But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.
 Her mind, in ev'ry grace complete,
 To paint, surpasses human skill;
 Her majesty, mix'd with the sweet,
 Let seraphs sing her if they will.
 Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view;
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

Tune, Queen of Sheba's march.

COME, Florinda, lovely charmer,
 Come, and fix this wav'ring heart:

Let those eyes my soul rekindle,

'Ere I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,

If this heart be worth thy care,

Favour'd by my dear Florinda,

I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,

And my yielding breast assail;

Come, and take me to thy bosom,

'Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,

On my soul serenely shine,

Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,

Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,

Long has felt the pleasing pain;

Come, and with an equal passion

Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,

If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

THE ARCHERS MARCH.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
Let hills and dales rebound it :
Let hills and dales rebound it,

In Praise of archery :

Its origine divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generously inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art, by the gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed

The wreaths of victory.

The deity of Parnassus,
The god of soft caresses,
Chaste Cynthia and her lasses,
Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.

All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors and Indians,

With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,

That

That none cou'd e'er excel us

In martial archery :

With shafts our fires engaging,

Oppos'd the Romans raging,

Defeat the fierce Norwegian,

And spar'd few Danes to flee.

Witness Largs(*a*) and Loncartie(*b*),

Dunkel(*c*) and Aberlemny(*d*)

Dunkel and Aberlemny,

Rosline(*e*), and Bannockburn(*f*)

The Cheviots ——— all the border,

Were bowmen in brave order,

Told enemies, if furder

They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it.

Let hills and dales rebound it,

T 2

Let

(*a*) Largs, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant King Haaco, were, anno 1263, totally defeat by Alexander III. King of Scots; the heroic Alexander, great Steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

(*b*) Loncartie, near Perth, where King Kenneth III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave Hay, and his two sons.

(*c*) Dunkel, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great King Corberdus Galdus, in three battles overthrew 30,000 Romans in the reign of the Emperor Domitian.

(*d*) Aberlemny, four miles from Brechin, where King Malcolm II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegians, Cumbrians, &c. commanded by Sueno King of Denmark, and his warlike son Prince Canute.

(*e*) Rosline, about five miles south of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir John Cumin and Sir Simon Frazer, defeat in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, anno 1303.

(*f*) The battles of Bannockburn and Cheviot, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

Let hills and dales rebound it.

in praise of archery.

Us'd as a game it pleases,

The mind to joy it raises,

And throws off all diseases

Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,

When all the year looks smiling,

When all the year looks smiling,

With healthful harmony:

The sun in glory glowing,

With morning dew bestowing,

Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,

To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,

An hearty band and loyal,

An hearty band and loyal,

That in just thoughts agree.

Appear in ancient bravery,

Despising all base knavery,

Which tends to bring in slavery

Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it,

Fill up the glass and round wi't,

Fill up the glass and round wi't,

Health and prosperity.

T' our great chief and officers,

T' our president and counsellors:

To all who, like their brave forbears,

Delight in archery.

LAST sunday, at saint James's prayers,
The prince and princess by,

I, dress'd in all my whale-bone airs,
Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the answers o'er ;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierc'd me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
With the devoutest care ;
Which gay young Stréphon made me lose,
And all the raptures there.

He stay'd to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace ;
But whisper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won :
But I grew pcevisish at the word,
Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of sight, while I
A kinder answer meant ;
Nor did I for my sins, that day,
By half so much repent.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

HERE are people and sports
Of all sizes and sorts,
Coach'd damsel and squire,
And mob in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmalions,
Lords, ladies, fows, babies,
And loobies in scores ;

Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With legions of furbelow'd whores :

To the tavern some go,
 And some to a show,
 See puppets for mopets,
 Jack puddens for cuddens,
 Rope dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, Quacks lying,
 Pick pockets, pick plackets,
 Beasts, butchers and beanz.
 Fops prattling, dice rattling,
 Rooks shaming, puts damping,
 Whores painted, masks tainted
 In taly-mans furbelow'd cloathes.

The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
 To yon music-house go,
 See taylors and sailors,
 Whores oily and doily,
 Here music makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoaking, some joking,
 Like spigget and tap ;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly,
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second P A R T.

SEE, Sirs, fee here ! a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !

Here

Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present and to come ;
 The cramp, the stich, the squirt, the itch,
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all Pandora's box :
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell ;
 Let the palfie shake ye,
 Let the cholick rack ye,
 Let the crinkrums break ye,
 Let the murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well :
 Thousands, &c.

Come, wits so keen, devour'd with spleen,
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 And cure the am'rous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old
 The living and the dead ;
 I clear the lass with wain-scot face,
 And from pim-ginets free
 Plump ladies red like Sa'rcen's head,
 With toping ratafee.
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er ;
 Read, judge and try ; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long Whitsun holy-day,
 Holy-day, holy-day, it was a jolly day,
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a well-a-day !

Met in the pease ;
 They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity,
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see ; for as they ly
 In close hug, Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by ;
 He read prayers i' the family,
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old Homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly

Home. Soon as he saw the sight,
 Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, Hypocrite,

Mischief to say ;
 Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida drest that holy-day ;
 But poor Ralph, a well-a-day !
 Well-a-day ! well-a-day !

Turn'd was away.

nigs, cries Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini, "thalt a rogue stay

To

To baulk me as commonly,
 Commonly, commonly,
 Has been his way?

No, I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by;
 I read prayers and homily,
 Homily, homily,
 Three times a day.

SELINDA's sure the brightest thing
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air;
 Mild are her looks like op'ning spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair.

But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to ly.
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast;
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

'TIS liberty, dear liberty, alone,
 That gives fresh beauty to the sun,
 That bids all nature look more gay,
 And lovely life with pleasure steal away,
 And lovely, &c.

HAPPY

HAPPY, while with sportive pleasure,
 We salute each rising day ;
 Life itself's no more a treasure,
 When it ceases to be gay.
 Life itself's, &c.

By Mr. THOMSON.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r
 Press not the rich and stately bed,
 The new mown hay, and breathing flow'r,
 A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherds board,
 Sooth not their taste by wanton art ;
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast,
 With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherds sport,
 Gay-dancing on the daizy'd ground,
 Have not the splendor of a court,
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

Tune, Pinkie-house.

NOT for thy graceful air alone,
 Or snowy neck I sigh ;
 Thy winning smiles, or melting voice,
 Or love's persuading eye.

Oft have I gaz'd, unhurt, on pride,
 Lodg'd in a mould divine ;
 Oft listen'd safe, while folly flow'd
 From lips so sweet as thine.

The soul, o'er all thy frame diffus'd,
 Paints every feature fair ;
 As angels tinge their forms at will,
 When limn'd in lucid air ;
 Bright beaming thro' thy shape appears,
 The heav'nly guest enshrin'd ;
 'Twere virtue sure to kiss the case
 That holds so fair a mind.

By H. TOWNSEND.

Tune, *Oh ! yes, oh ! yes, oh ! yes, I cry.*

THOU shepherd, whose, intente eye

O'er ev'ry lamb is such a spie,

No wily fox can make them less ;

Where may I find my shepherdess ?

A little pausing, then said he,

How can that jewel stray from thee ?

In summer's heat, in winter's cold,

I thought thy breast had been her fold.

That is indeed the constant place

Wherein my thoughts still see her face,

And print her image in my heart ;

But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling said, I might

Of Chloris partly have a sight ;

And some of her perfections meet,

In ev'ry flower fresh and sweet.

The growing lillies bear her skin,

The vi'lets her blue veins within :

The

The blushing rose new blown and spread,
Her sweeter cheeks, her lips the red.

The winds that wanton with the spring,
Such odours as her breathing bring :
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voice who strives to hit,
His object must be higher yet :
For heav'n, and earth, and all we see,
Dispers'd, collected, is but she.

Amaz'd at this discourse, methought,
Love and ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engross,
A wealth wou'd prove a publick loss.

With that I sigh'd, aham'd to see
Such worth in her, such want in me ;
And, closing both mine eyes, forbid
The world my sight, since she was hid.

HOW severe is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor lover so ?
That I almost despair,
To see ev'n the air,
Much more my dear Damon---hey ho !

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
Yet I'm trac'd where ever I go :
For some treach'rous tree
Hides this old man from me,
And there he counts ev'ry---hey ho !

How shall I this Argus blind,
And so put an end to my woe ?
But while I beguile
All his frown with a smile,
I betray myself with a---hey ho !

My

My restraint then, alas ! must endure,
 So that, since my sad doom I know,
 I will pine for my love,
 Like the turtle dove,
 And breathe out my life in---hey ho !

Tune, *A Cocker there was, &c.*

WHEN first my free heart was inspir'd by desire,
 So soft was the wound, and so gentle the fire,
 My sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the smart,
 I pity'd the slave that had ne'er lost his heart.
 Derry down, down, &c.

He thinks himself happy and free, but, alas !
 He's far from that heaven which lovers possess ;
 In nature was nothing that I could compare
 With the beauty of Chloris, I thought her so fair.

A wit so divine all her sayings did fill,
 A goddess she seem'd, and I thought of her still
 With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true,
 Than a martyr in flames for religion can shew,
 More virtues and graces I found in her mind,
 Than the schools can invent, or the gods e'er design'd,
 She seem'd to be mine by each glance of her eye,
 If mortals might aim at a blessing so high.

Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give,
 But, alas ! what is wish'd, we too soon do believe ;
 With awful respect, still I lov'd and admir'd,
 But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd.

In a moment, my joys and my hopes were destroy'd :
 A shepherd, more daring, fell on and enjoy'd ;
 Yet in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
 In a second amour I will seek for my cure.

ANSWER to

From sweet bewitching tricks of love.

THO' women, by proud men, are scorn'd
 For being oft too kind;
 Yet all well know that men, when spurn'd,
 Are to their wills confin'd,
 With restless pain, one smile to gain,
 All ways they gladly try:
 But, maids, beware, avoid the snare,
 All men deal cunningly:

There's not a man who in his heart
 Does woman truly love.
 They but delight t' impel the dart,
 And all its pains approve;
 With looks serene, (they're often seen)
 They flatt'ring words apply;
 But, maids, &c.

They often strive, with artful tale,
 Each fair one to deceive.
 On our good nature to prevail,
 Then laugh within their sleeve.
 With self conceit they think to cheat
 The heart as well as eye:
 But maids, &c.

If then to rout the selfish crew,
 You'd chuse a faithful guard,
 Let virtue rule the heart, then few
 Will I se their just reward,
 Not all the tribe, her soul can bribe,
 She will all art defie.
 Then, maids, &c.

THE

THE gently budding rose behold,
 Half op'ning to the vernal beams ;
 It's beauties cautious to unfold,
 The less 'tis seen, the fairer seems ;
 Ye flatter'd maids, besieg'd by fighting beaux,
 Learn from my song, the moral of the rose.
 Learn from, &c.

And as, tho' guarded round with thorns,
 Time strips the uselefs up-pluck'd flower,
 Which ne'er the lovers breast adorns,
 Or e'er bedecks the bridal bower ;
 When maiden aunts their sage advice propose,
 Learn from my song, the moral of the rose.

LONG by an idle passion tost,
 By love undone, my reason lost ;
 How many fruitless tears it cost
 To free me from the smart ?

I rav'd, I figh'd, but all in vain,
 Cou'd not my liberty regain,
 Or break the little tyrant's chain ;
 Alas ! how weak my art ?

At length, I flew to pride for aid,
 But, equally by that betray'd,
 To ev'ry pow'r, in vain, I pray'd,
 But none wou'd pity show :

Till reason to my breast, once more,
 Did all my former peace restore ;
 And brought content, not in the pow'r
 Of Strepon to bestow.

CEASE, gentle swain, thy amorous suit forbear,
 Cease, in soft sounds, to break the trembling air.
 Thy moving numbers all my soul inspire,
 Each gentle spirit fans the raging fire;
 By such sweet harmony we're soon betray'd,
 To show the weakness of an yielding maid,
 Musick such melting joys impart,
 It gains the speediest passage to our heart.

WHAT can assuage the pain man feels,
 When busy cares disturb his breast,
 When modest sense his want conceals,
 With thousand thoughts that bar his rest?
 Can wine one gloomy thought remove?
 Can titles, wealth or pow'r give ease?
 Can womens charms, or thoughts of love,
 Recall his soul or mind to peace?
 No, no, they'r trifling pleasures all,
 The rich enjoy them but a day;
 Within their breast they deign to call,
 Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.
 Content alone can make us sing,
 When wanton fortune is unkind,
 That sets a wretch above a king,
 And quiets ev'ry ruffled mind.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour,
 To resist the tender dart;
 For examples move us never,
 We must feel to know the smart.

When

When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view,
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes,
 Is the wild deceitful strain:
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain.

Soon, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe.

O Gentle god of pleasing pain,
 Thy pow'r confine, or force restrain;
 Dispell my doubts and ease my mind,
 Make Sylvia, charming Sylvia, kind;
 Nor longer trust her youthful prime,
 To be the waste of blasting time;
 Approaching quick with wrinkly face,
 Relentless robbing every grace.

Kind Cupid, make her stubborn heart
 A victim to thy piercing dart;
 O'ercome her harsh disdainful air,
 And make her yielding as she's fair:
 May sweetness take the place of scorn,
 Compliance every charm adorn:
 May every haughty thought expire,
 And frigid coldness turn to fire.

O NE summers eve, as Strephon rov'd,
 Wrapt up in thoughts profound;

Surpris'd, he saw his best belov'd
Lying sleeping on the ground.

Awake, my pretty sleeper, 'wake,

Awake to Strephon's call;

Be careful, for thy lover's sake,

'Tis eve, the dew drops fall.

'Then to her cheek his lips he laid,

And gently stole a kiss;

She still slept on, he, not dismay'd,

Repeats the transient bliss.

She wakes, and thus, in angry tone,

Away, away she cries;

'Then, fault'ring, bid the swain be gone,

Then sigh'd, and clos'd her eyes.

'Tho' cruel are thy words, fair maid,

Can sighs proceed from hate?

My doubts are gone, then down he laid,

Resolv'd to share her fate.

Defended from the noxious air,

Within his arms she lay;

And tho' he often wak'd the fair,

She said no more 'till day.

By T. CARRY.

Carnew

ASK me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year?

Ask me, why I send to you

This primrose all bepearl'd with dew?

I must whisper in your ears,

The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this rose doth show

All yellow, green and sickly too?

ASK

Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And yielding each way, yet not break ?
 I must tell you ; these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

By Mr. MILTON,

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose :
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing :
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

By Mr. MILTON.

SWEET echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell ;
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet's embroider'd vail,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee his sad song mourneth well :
 Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell but where,
 Sweet queen of Parley, daughter of the sphere ;
 So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Tune,

Tune, O'er the hills.

ARISE, sweet messenger of the morn,
With thy mild beams this isle adorn;
For long as shepherds sport and play,
'Tis this shall be a holyday.

Each nymph be like the blushing morn,
That gaily lightens o'er the lawn;
Each shepherd like the sun be gay,
And frolick out this holyday.

The morn appears a rosy hew,
Peeps over yonder eastern blue;
Come let us dance in trim array,
And grateful keep this holyday.

Come all, ye honest British souls,
Let love and honour crown your bowls;
Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
This source of many a holyday.

I MUST have a wife, what so e'er she be;
For if she is woman, that's enough for me.
Fal la la la, &c.

If that she is handsome, so much more delight;
And if she is ugly, no matter in the night.

If that she is barren, so much less my care;
And if she is fruitful, oh! what joys are there?

If that she is rich, her riches are to me;
And if she is poor, no poorer can I be.

If she is good humour'd, then I am not curst;
If she is a devil, damn her, do her worst.

If that she is young, so much sweeter she;
And if she is old, the sooner she'll die.

I must have a wife, &c.

THERE

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was
bound,
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
Fa la la, &c.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in a hint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw
and hay,

And in a hint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the
door,

And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly ! hooly wi' me, fir, ye'll waken our goodman.

The beggar was a cunain' loon, and ne'er a word he
spake,

Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

Is there ony dogs into this town, maiden tell me true,
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow ?

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle
wrang,

O dool for the doin' o't ! are ye the poor man ?

Then she took up the meal pocks, and slang them o'er
the wa', (a'.

The d--l gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead and
I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of
Brodie,

O dool for the doin' o't ! are ye the poor bodie ?

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice
fee.

He

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his dudies-fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay, for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight, fa la, &c.

By Mr. RAE.

'Tune, *The Nut-brown Maid.*

WHEN fair Zelinda came
To seize my wand'ring heart,
Swift spread the kindling flame,
Her sparkling eyes impart :
Each look new fuel lent
To the now raging fire ;
Each motion did augment
The passionate desire.
Soon did my bosom feel
Sly Cupid's subtile dart :
While fiery sighs reveal
Its agonizing smart.
Yet of my violent pain,
She did unconscious prove ;
And saw, with cold disdain,
The progress of my love.

Ah, nymph, why thus unkind !
Why unrelenting still
To him whose joys depend
Entirely on your will ?

Oh!

Oh ! let your conduct be
 As lovely as your frame ;
 And, if you pity me,
 Confess a mutual flame.

Be merciful as fair,
 Sweet as the blushing rose,
 In smiles your love declare,
 The rising wish disclose :
 Fly ! taste the heav'nly bliss,
 And crown the warm desire ;
 Feed on the balmy kifs,
 And in love's joys expire.

LONG from the force of beauty's charms,
 Long have I wander'd free,
 Endur'd no grief, felt no alarms,
 Reserv'd to fall by thee.

Thou, fair one, thou alone canst move
 This passion in my breast ;
 Thou, thou alone, canst teach me love,
 O teach me to be blest.

In safety, thus from all alarms,
 The roving turtle flies ;
 Till some unerring hand conveys
 The shaft by which he dies.

WOULD heaven indulge my love-sick mind,
 And make my joys compleat ;
 Let me my Myra's favour find,
 And lay me at her feet.

If the dear nymph but on me smile,
 Then fate may do its worst ;

While

While she is kind, I fear no ill,
I ne'er can be accurst.

With her I could forever dwell,
There's heaven within her arms.
But, absent from her, I'm in hell,
Dire grief my soul alarms.

I rave, I burn, I pine, I die,
Nought can my heart relieve ;
But at her sighs my sorrows fly ;
Her presence bids me live.

MUSICK, thou gentlest power of art,
That charms the ear and melts the heart ;
Thy soft persuasion can prevail,
When other sweetest motives fail ;
Not eloquence itself can move
So sure, or even more charming love.
Thy sounds can calm the troubled breast,
By jealousy's fierce rage possess'd ;
That heeded not Lucinda's sighs,
Kind prayers, and silver streaming eyes ;
In thee, the birds their joys express,
Interpreter of happiness !
In spring, while ev'ry shady grove
Is full of musick and of love,
Thou art to earth, as heaven, dear,
For ev'ry voice is music there,
That fills with extasy the ear.
Hail ! source of rapture and delight !
Which ev'ry sorrow puts to flight ;
And cures the unhappy lover's wound,
While pain itself's subdued by sound.

Tune, *Sweet Betty.*

THUS maidens belie their desires,
Yet languish for what they refuse;
And tho' their breasts glow with love's fires,
Seem cold to the joys they would chuse.

The tongue and the heart are two factions
We scarce reconcile, 'till made brides;
Like statesmen, our speeches and actions
Have commonly contrary sides.

HE. **A**H! why is my heart so tender?
My honour invites me to arms.
To love, shall I fame surrender?
By laurels I'll merit thy charms.

SHE. How can you bear the reflection?

HE. I balance, and honour gives way.

SHE. Reward my love by affection;
I ask you no more than I pay.

THE CONSTANT MAID.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
Or lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat every woe,
And fall a sacrifice.

No bars, or bolts, shall me controul,
I'll death and danger dare,
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.

The window then shall be my gate,
 I'll either fall or fly;
 Rather than live with the man I hate,
 For him I love, I'll die.

THE BRUIKET LASSIE.

O Heaven! what shall I do,
 To whom shall I complain,
 My griefs how shall I show,
 Or where express my pain?
 No confident I have,
 The case will not allow,
 'Twere treason in a slave,
 O heaven! what shall I do?
 To the woods I make my moan,
 But they refuse to hear:
 The echoes, when I groan,
 The same but backward bear.
 But what avail? since they
 No ease can bring to me,
 Nor my love, to her disclose,
 Who has power to set me free,
 The little birds that perch
 Upon yon nodding bough,
 Their tender throats do stretch,
 A sympathy to show.
 The winds when I complain,
 Altho' they sigh like me,
 They ne'er redress my pain;
 Where shall I pitied be?

Heaven,

Heaven, will you not contrive
 Some way to ease my care,
 And make those sighs to thrive,
 That they may reach her ear?
 If further than by those,
 I may yet dare to try,
 My love to her disclose,
 Since I'd for the favour die.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

Tune, *Tweed-side.*

FOND echo, forbear thy light strain,
 And heedfully hear a lost maid,
 Go tell the false ear of the swain,
 How deeply his vows have betray'd;
 Go, tell him what sorrows I bear,
 See yet, if his heart feels my woe;
 'Tis now he must heal my despair,
 Or death will make pity too slow,

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Tune, *Strephon's complaint.*

WHEN beauty does her power pursue,
 What can't a charming woman do?
 All, all must struggle and come to,
 When beauty does her power pursue;
 What can't a charming woman do?
 She makes the soldier quit his rage,
 She makes the sword quite lose its age;
 All, all must struggle, &c.

She makes the statesmen look like fools,
 She makes the students slight their schools;
 She makes the greatest prince her slave,
 The stout, the bold, the young, the brave.

By Mr. WIL. WALCH.

CELIA, too late, you wou'd repent ;
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent,
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd ;
 Now grant the bliss too late,
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made ;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear'd,
 My love no longer staid.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valu'd medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

O ! since the thing we beg's a toy,
 That's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before our love is gone ?

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

ACCEPT, Maria, of a heart,
 Which, 'till this fatal hour,
 Ne'er felt the smart of beauty's dart,
 Nor love's almighty power.

This

This virgin heart, which you alone
 Could by your charms surprize,
 In right of conquest is your own,
 And at your mercy lyes.

Nor can I fear you will despise,
 Or triumph o'er th' oppress'd,
 Since pity glitters in your eyes,
 And goodness rules your breast.

From HORACE.

THE appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half unwilling willing kiss,
 The smile that guides us to the mark ;
 When the fond nymph does shyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

HOW vain and false a woman is,
 Is every day perceiv'd ;
 Yet such the enchantments of the fair,
 And men such silly ideots are,
 They daily are believ'd.
 Frequent examples sure might serve,
 To keep us in our sense,
 But hell, and they such trains have laid,
 That we can ne'er be wiser made,
 But at our own expense,
 I wish unhappiness on all,
 Who whiningly perplex
 Themselves hereafter on that score,
 And may each man be damn'd, that's more,
 That ever trusts the sex.

WHAT

WHAT pain, Corinna, he endures,
 Who would thy pow'r withstand?
 Thy voice enchants, thy wit allures,
 And sparkling eyes command.
 All sacred ties, all former loves,
 Thy conquering air repells,
 As some prevalent charm removes
 The force of weaker spells.
 The nymphs, now unregarded, grieve
 To find they tempt in vain;
 And curse those beauties which bereave
 The heart of every swain.
 No longer then dispute the prize,
 Your time and trouble spare;
 Who hears that voice, and sees those eyes,
 Is fixt for ever here,

FAIR ones, while your beauty's blooming,
 Use your time, least age resum'g,
 What your youth profusely lends,
 You're depriv'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

O D E on the Longitude, set to Music by DEAN SWIFT.

RECITATIVO.

THE longitude mist on,
 By wicked Will Whiston,
 And not better hit on
 By good Mr. Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston may both be bep--st on,
 And Whiston and Ditton may both be besh--t on,
 Sing Whiston be p--st on,
 And Ditton be sh--t on,
 Sing Ditton and Whiston, and Whiston and Ditton,
 Be sh--t on, be p--st on, be p--st on and be sh--t on.

Da Capo.

HOW welcome, my sheperd, how welcome to me,
 Is every occasion of meeting with thee;
 But when thou art absent, how joyless am I,
 Me thinks I contented, could sit down and die:
 The oftner I see you, the more I approve
 The choice I have made, and am fix'd in my love;
 For merit, like yours, still brighter is shown,
 And more must be valued, the more it is known.
 To live in a cottage with thee I would chuse,
 And crowns, for thy sake, I would gladly refuse;
 Not all the vast treasure of wealthy Peru,
 To me would seem precious, if balanc'd with you:
 For all my ambition to thee is confin'd,
 And nothing would please, if thou were unkind;
 Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be,
 Than plac'd on a throne, to reign without thee,

Venus to Mars, in Mr. Dryden's secular masque

CALMS appear when storms are past,
 Love will have his hour at last;
 Nature is my kindly care,
 Mars destroys, and I repair,

Take

Take me, take me, while you may,
 Venus comes not every day,
 Take me, &c.

Momus to Mars, in Mr. Dryden's secular masque.

THY sword within the scabbard keep,
 And let mankind agree ;
 Better the world were fast asleep,
 Than kept awake by thee.

The fools are only thinner, with all our cost and care,
 But neither side a winner, for things are as they were ;
 The fools, &c.

NEAR Thames green banks, a love-lorn nymph reclin'd,

Thus tax'd her Thyrsis, various as the wind ;
 Hast thou, perfidious youth, thy oath forgot ?
 And must the mournful widow be my lot ?
 And must, &c,

Since thou (contemning gods) thy vows hast broke,
 Thus play'd with love, and made my fame thy joke,
 A dire revenge on thee I now have chose,
 For soon those waves shall end my life and woes.

Thus said, she hasted to the founding flood,
 And, shudd'ring, o'er its flow'ry margin stood,
 The tear of anguish starting in her eye,
 Resolv'd to plunge, she vents a dismal sigh.

But, in his terrors, whilst grim death appears,
 She cries, (her wav'ring mind o'erspread with fears,)
 'Tis madness all, 'tis madness all, I'll fly back to the
 plains ;

I've but one life, and there's a choice of swains.

There

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a snishing.

The auld wife beyont the fire,
 The auld wife aniest the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatracks, quo' she, let it be gawn.
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if you with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear ! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides, haff blind, ye hae the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat ;

She

Note. Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco ; but in this song it means sometimes consentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a snishing.

Bra' sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't;
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curst poor stumpy.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez;
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire
And dyed for lack of snishing.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing:
Else like this wife beyont the fire,
Yo'r bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing,

Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.

SWIFT, Sandy, Young and Gay,
Are still my heart's delight,
I sing their sangs by day,
And read their tales at night.
If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulness then with me:
But, when these stars appear,
Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift

Swift with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease,
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy greatly sings
 Of heroes, gods, and kings :
 He well deserves the bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines ;
 Young, with Horatian flame,
 Corrects these false designs
 We push in love of fame.
 Blyth Gay, in pawky strains,
 Makes villains, clowns and swains
 Reprove, with biting leer,
 Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young and Gay,
 Long may you give delight ;
 Let all the dunces bray,
 You're far above their spite :
 Such, from a malice sour,
 Write nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For, who the trash will read ?

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have many day been :
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on wair ;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho'

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fawn in a strife,
 I canna weel tell ye how it began:
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake my auld goodman.

HE. Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door;
 Sae tell nae me of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

SHE. My heart, alake, is like to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan eye, and gait sae free,
 Was naithing likethee, thou dosendrone,
 His rosy face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

HE. Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant:
 Of houshold-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE. Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day:
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay;
 Then up he gat, and ran away,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erturn of the fray
 Was ever, alake my auld goodman.

*By Mr. CHEEK.**Tune, I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?

A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign:

For she alone dispenses

Such sweets as best can entertain

The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,

Her breath gives balmy blisses,

I hear an angel when she sings,

And taste of heaven in kisses:

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,

From nature's richest treasure;

Let me the other sense employ,

And I shall die with pleasure.

By Mr. W. WALCH.

YES, all the world will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,

Will be entirely blest;

But 'twere in me too great a wrong,

To make one, who has been so long

My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd,

That were for publick good design'd:

Cou'd we, in foolish pride,

Make the sun always with us stay,

'Twou'd burn our corn and grass away,

And starve the world beside.

Let

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
 Two souls which passion does unite ;
 For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past ?

By Mr. THEOBALD.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth, fair Celia lay,
 With love and sleep oppress :
 When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes,
 Wish'd that he durst the fair maid surprise ;
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 But fear'd approaching spies.
 As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside ;
 And the sleeping nymph did those charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide ;
 Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy ;
 With a fa, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.
 All amaz'd, he stood, with her beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous wind ;
 Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,
 That Celia might be kind :
 When, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain ;
 But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,
 With a fa, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the am'rous youth, to relieve his pain,
 The slumb'ring maid carefs'd ;
 And with trembling hand, (O the simple swain!)
 Her glowing bosom press'd :
 When the virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing he wou'd pursue :
 With a fa, la, &c.
 But Damon miss'd his cue.
 Now repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid fool was I,
 That such a chance abus'd?
 To my shame 'twill now on the plain be said,
 Damon a virgin a-sleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a maid.

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

1. Act. **T**HE play of love is now begun,
 And thus the actions do go on ;
 Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
 She hears him with a careless air,
 And smiles to find him in love's snare.
2. The act tune play'd, they met again,
 Here pity moves her for his pain,
 Which she evades with some pretence,
 And thinks she may with love dispense,
 But pants to hear a man of sense.
3. The third approach her lover makes,
 She colours up whene'er he speaks ;
 But with feign'd flights she puts him by,
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,
 Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

4. Now

4. Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other fair he'd try :
At which she swells with spleen and fear,
Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
Which yet no woman e'er cou'd bear.

5. The last act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy ;
She does no more his passion shun,
He strait into her arms does run :
The curtain falls, the play is done.

By J. DRYDEN.

A Quire of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chuse a May-lady to govern the year ;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen :
But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from the shore,
The graces are banish'd, and love is no more :
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires ;
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more ;
For we will perform what the deity swore :
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms :
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys,

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I ly at my Nanny's feet,
 And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights :
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame,
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame ;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye did nae accept of the Bob of Dumblane;
 The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
 For I'm grown dowy wi' lying my lane,
 Away then leave baith minny and dady,
 And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

TURN,

TURN, Sophia, turn away
 Those charming killing eyes,
 They lead my wandering heart astray,
 And all my sense surprise.

Upon that lovely angel face
 Who can gaze, and not admire,
 Who, that face, that air, that grace,
 Can once behold, and not desire?

ON thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the
 soft flute,
 To Chloe's sweet accents, attention sat mute,
 To her voice, with what transport, I swell'd the slow
 strain,

Or return'd dying measures in echoes again;
 Little Cupid beat time, and the graces around,
 Taught with even divisions to vary the sound,
 Taught with, &c.

From my Chloe remov'd, when I bid it complain,
 And warble smooth numbers to sooth love's sick pain,
 How much alter'd it seems, as the rising notes flow,
 And the soft falling strains how insipidly flow:
 I will play then no more, for 'tis her voice alone
 Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

LONG with undistinguish'd flame,
 I lov'd each fair, each witty dame;
 My heart the belle assembly gain'd
 And all an equal sway maintain'd.
 But, when you came, you stood confess'd,
 Sole sustana of my breast:

For

For you eclips'd (supremely fair,)
 All the vast seraglio there.

In this, her mein, in that, her grace,
 In a third, I lov'd a face;
 But you, in ev'ry feature, shine
 Universally divine.

What can those snow-white breasts excel,
 Do they sink, or do they swell;
 While those lovely wanton eyes,
 Sparkling meet them as they rise.

When to sweet sounds, your steps you suit,
 And wave the minuet to the lute,
 Heaven! how she glides! her neck, her chest,
 Does she move, or does she rest?

As those Roguish eyes advance,
 Let me catch their side long glance
 Soon, or they'll elude my sight,
 Quick as light'ning, and as bright,

Thus the bashful Pleiad peeps,
 Charms a moment, and retreats;
 Then peeps again, then sculks unseen,
 Veil'd behind the azure screen.

Like the ever toying dove,
 Smile immensity of love,
 Be Venus in each outward part,
 And wear the vestal in your heart.

When I ask a kiss or so,
 Grant it with a begging no,
 Let each rose that decks your face
 Blush assent, to my embrace.

COLIN

COLIN to AMARYLL.

THEE, I love, sweet Amaryll,
 More than goat the sunny-hill,
 More than doe its tender fawn,
 More than lambkin does the lawn,
 More than turtle does the wood,
 More than hen its chilly brood,
 More than swallow loves to fly,
 More than cuckow does to cry,
 More than daisy does the mead,
 More than Colin's flock to feed,
 More than whitefoot does to bark,
 More than tow'ring does the lark,
 More than roses love their red,
 More than banks a vi'let bed,
 More than lilly loves its white,
 More than whoot-owl does the night,
 More than reynard loves my geese,
 More than wolf my flock to fleece,
 More than ant its winter store,
 More than swain e're lov'd before,
 More than squirrel loves the hill,
 More than shepherd's tongue can tell,
 Or mind can think, or eye can see,
 E'en more than all things I love thee.

Tune, *Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.*

GO, go, false woman, go,
 Thou to thy cost shalt know
 How vain is all thy pride:
 Soon, like the flowers of May,
 Thy charms shall droop away,
 And I thy power deride.

Quit

Quit, quit thy arts, for shame,
 On honour build thy fame,
 Nor truth in love disdain;
 For know, proud haughty maid,
 Such triumphs are repaid,
 With piercing grief and pain.

Answered by a young LADY.

GO cruel false one, go,
 Thy sighs and tears shall show,
 How vain are all thy arts,
 Serv'd justly, and in kind,
 No mercy shalt thou find,
 For tricking female hearts.

Thy practices give o'er,
 And play the knave no more,
 But follow native truth,
 'Tis this alone has charms,
 'Tis truth secures from harms,
 And best adorns our youth.

Tune, Tweed-Side.

WHAT's the spring, breathing violet or rose,
 What's the summer, with all its gay train,
 Or the plenty of autumn to those,
 Who have barter'd their freedom for gain?
 Then let love of our king's legal right,
 To the love of our country succeed,
 And let friendship and honour unite,
 And flourish on both sides of Tweed.

No

No sweetness the senses can cheer,
 That corruption and bribery bind ;
 No brightness the gloom ever clear,
 For honour's the sun of the mind.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
 Place riches in lower degree ;
 Think him poorest who dares be a slave,
 And him richest who dares to be free.

Let us think how our ancestors rose,
 Let us think how our ancestors fell,
 'Tis the rights they defended, 'tis those
 They bought with their blood, that we sell.
 Then let, &c.

By Mr. PRIOR.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver :
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint ! I die ! the goddess cry'd :
 O cruel ! cou'dst thou find none other
 To wreck thy spleen on ? parricide,
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother !
 Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye ;
 Alas ! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness Chloe.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

O LOVE! what cruel pangs are these,
 The cold effect of warm desires;
 Whose agonizing tortures freeze,
 Tho' sprung from your prevailing eyes.
 Her absence gave exceeding pain,
 But, when from that I hop'd relief,
 You still resolv'd I should complain,
 And jealousy augments my grief.
 Too bitter is the lover's part,
 When sever'd from his fair one's eyes;
 But if he's banish'd from her heart,
 Stabb'd with despair, at once he dies.

From DON QUIXOT.

I DIE your victim, cruel fair,
 And die without reprove;
 If you can think your slave can bear
 Your cruelty and live.
 Since all my hopes of ease are vain,
 To die I now submit;
 And, that you may not think I feign,
 It must be at your feet.
 Yet when my bleeding heart you view,
 Bright nymph, forbear to grieve;
 For I had rather die for you,
 Than for another live.
 In death and dark oblivion's grave,
 Oh! let me ly forlorn;
 For my poor ghost wou'd pine and rave,
 Shou'd you relent and mourn.

Tune, *The man that is drunk, &c.*

THE man that's contented is void of all care,
And tow'rs far above the slav'ry of fear,
A mind that's serene, and a body in health,
Gives him all the pleasures and grandeur of wealth.

Last day I went out with a heart full of joy,
Which nothing but vice or sharp pain cou'd annoy ;
The first that I met was a miser, whose gloom
Show'd a soul that was muddy, and straitned in room.

In Britain's fair island there's none to be seen,
Of more fullen, selfish and fordid a mien ;
Regardless of honour, a slave to his gold,
Despis'd of the young, and contemn'd of the old.

The next that I met was a profligate ass,
Whose brains were of cork, and his forehead of brass ;
By game, he was galloping thro' his estate,
And mis'ry attended his sad sinking state.

O place me, kind heav'n ! in what station you please,
So my body be in health, and my soul be at ease ;
By command of my self, independent and free,
Contentment shall still be a pleasure to me.

O rather in a cottage may I be fed
With roots the most common, and coarsest brown
Than to riot with luxury, fopp'ry and vice ; (bread,
They're the loss of contentment, too precious a price.

Let rakes ramble after their harlots and wine,
'Till with poxes and palsies their carcases dwine ;
Grow old while they're young, and wasted their store,
While the vot'ries of virtue are blyth at fourscore.

The thunder may roar, and hurricanes make
The ocean to boil, and the forrests to shake ;
The lightning may flash, and the rocks may be rent,
But nothing can ruffle the mind that's content.

This world's well freighted with wonders in store,
 And I sent into it to think and explore;
 And when the due summons shall call me away,
 No more's to be said, but contented obey.

By Mr. BOYCE.

ON his face the vernal rose,
 Blended with the lilly, glows;
 His looks are, as the raven's, black,
 In ringlets waving down his back:
 His eyes with milder beauties beam,
 Than billing doves beside the stream:
 His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs:
 His lips are of the rose's hue,
 Dropping with a fragrant dew;
 Tall as the cedar he appears,
 And erect his form he bears;
 Tall as, &c.

HE. **L**ET rakes for pleasures range the town,
 Or misers doat on golden guineas;
 Let plenty smile, or fortune frown,

The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wanton maids indulge desire,

How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is,

The joys of virtue never tire,

And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

HE. Together let us sport and play.

SHE. And live in pleasure where no sin is;

HE. The priest shall tie the knot to day,

SHE. And wedlock bands make Johnny Jenny's,

BOTH. Together let us, &c.

HE.

HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,
 The pleasure ends in shame and folly ;
 So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
 The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
 And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry ;
 But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
 And shuns, too late, her faithless Harry.

HE. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
 And leave deceit to fools and ninnies ;
 Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
 And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
 The constant heart is always bonny ;
 Content and peace, and sweet delight,
 And love shall live with me and Johnny.

HE. Together then we'll sport, &c.

FLY no more, cruel fair, but be kind and relenting,
 Enough has been shown of contempt and disdain ;
 Taste at length the superior delight of consenting,
 For 'tis more noble joy to give pleasure than pain ;
 Wou'd you charm men of sense, and engage their ad-
 My Chloe, of pride, as of painting beware ; (dresses,
 For beauty consists more in minds than in faces,
 And the maid's almost ugly, that only is fair.

By Mr. PATTISON.

UNDERNEATH a mossy mountain,
 Close beside a falling fountain,
 Charming Amoret was laid ;

Wanton Zephyrs whisper'd kisses,
 Toying with her flowing tresses,
 When the sighing virgin said:

Must I then for ever languish,
 With this soft consuming anguish?

O the sadly pleasing pain!
 Custom forbids me to reveal it,
 Shame commands me to conceal it
 From my lovely shepherd swain.

O thou sweetly vocal water,
 Cease a harmless maid to flatter,
 And convey these dying sighs:
 Thro' this flow'r enamell'd valley,
 To yon fair enchanting alley,
 Where a-sleep my lover lies.

Florimello sweetly dreaming,
 Amoret consenting, seeming,
 Wak'd, and curst the jilting shade:
 Swift as light'ning thro' the bushes,
 Much enrag'd, the shepherd rushes,
 Finds, and clasps the real maid.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Stevenson, in Vauxhall.

HE. **H**ASTE, haste, Phyllis, haste, 'tis the first of
 sweet May,
 Hark! the goldspinks sing, to the woods let's away;
 We'll pluck the pale primrose, and start not, my dear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

SHE. Excuse me, fond swain, it has often been said,
 The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread;
 And a wither'd old gipsy, one day I espy'd,
 Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something beside.

HE.

HE. 'Tis all a mere fable, there's nothing to fright,
 There's musick all day, and no spectres at night ;
 No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
 And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear.

SHE. For all I cou'd say, when arriv'd at the wood,
 Who knows your design? you might dare to be rude ;
 So I bid yon farewell ; and confess I'm afraid,
 Lest Cupid and you be too hard for a maid.

HE. His dictates you wisely, at once, shou'd approve ;
 For, pray, what is life? 'tis a pain, without love ;
 Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd, will
 fade ;

Then quickly comply, least you die an old maid.

SHE. By language as artful, poor Daphne was won ;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and undone ;
 And rather than trust the fine things you have said,
 Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid.

HE. Believe not I'm faithless, and false as the wind,
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind ;
 Will lead you to pleasures untasted before,
 And make you my bride. Can a mortal do more ?

SHE. Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no ;
 To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go ;
 To the wood next, tho' Cupid, so talk'd of, be there,
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear.

SHE. Ye nymphs, to the wood never venture to go,
 Till the priest join your hands, you must still answer no.

HE. Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you
 still,

You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go where
 you will.

By Mr. NAT. LEE.

O H! the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,
And declar'd that her honour no longer cou'd laste;
No light, but her languishing eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of blushing and fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
With such trembling and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd;
My lips the sweet pleasure of kisses enjoy'd,
While my hands were in search of hid treasure employ'd.

With my heart all on fire,
In the flames of desire,
When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
She cry'd, oh! for pity's sake, change your ill mind;
Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your blifs you destroy,
Like a naked young boy,
Who fears the kind river he came to enjoy;
Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from harm,
And make the cold element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amyntas! she cries,
Then she cast down her eyes,
And with kisses confest what she faintly denies;
Too sure of my conquest, I purpos'd to stay
'Till her freer consent did more sweeten the prey.

But too late I begun,
For her passion was done;
Now Amyntas, she cry'd, I will never be won,
Thy tears and thy courtship no pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the critical minute of love:

KEEP

KEEP ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm, Igo and ago,
 If he's a wise man, I mistak' him, Iram coram dago.
 Keep ye weel frae Sandie Don, Igo and ago,
 He's ten times dafter than Sir John, Iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
 To gae to London's but a walk :
 I hae been at Amsterdam,
 Where I saw mony a braa madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep ;
 To see the Leviathans skip,
 And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town ?
 Did ye see Clark Dishingtoun ?
 His wig was like a drouket hen,
 And the tail o't hang down,
 like a meikle maan lang draket goose-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
 He has a glafs in his best chamber ;
 But furth he stept unto the door,
 For he took pills the night before.

Tune, Auld Sir Simon the King.

SOME says kissing's a sin,
 But, I say, that winna stand ;
 It is a most innocent thing,
 And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,
 The ministers it would reprove,
 But they, their elders and fession,
 Can do it as well as the leave.

Its lang since it came in fashon,
 I'm sure, it will never be done,
 As lang as there's in the nation
 A lad, lass, wife, or a lown.

What can I say more to commend it?
 Tho' I should speak all my life,
 Yet this will I say in the end o't,
 Let every man kiss his ain wife.

Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,
 And gie her benevolence due,
 And that will a thrifty wife make her,
 And sae I'll bid farewel to you.

By Mr. GARRICK.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring mind,
 Let Damon urge his claim;
 He feels the passion void of art,
 A pure and constant flame.

The sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn,
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But, when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

Your charms each slavish sense controul,
 A tyrant's short-liv'd reign;
 But milder reason charms the soul,
 Nor time can break the chain.

By age your beauties will decay,
 Your mind improves with years,
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Silvia grant my suit,
 And bless each future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r.

By Mr. HOWARD.

FAREWEL, ye green fields, and gay groves,
 Where Strephon engag'd my poor heart,
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is drest without art.
 No pleasures ye now can afford,
 No musick can soothe me to rest;
 For Strephon proves false to his word,
 And Phyllis can never be bless'd.

When the dove by his cooing has show'd
 The softness, the joy, of his mind,
 False Strephon has sworn, and has vow'd,
 Like him, he'd be constant and kind.
 The birds, as if pleas'd with his truth,
 With harmony fill'd all the grove,
 Whilst he, with the raptures of youth,
 Entic'd me, and prest me to love.

Oft times by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lillies appear,
 Gay Strephon of Phyllis would sing,
 For Phyllis was all he held dear.
 But no sooner he found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 When he, to my grief and surprise,
 Provd all he had said was in jest.

Tho,

Tho' love in his tender alarms,
 Brings pleasure with every new day,
 Like roses and lillies, our charms
 Are doom'd to a speedy decay.
 The lilly, the rose, and the maid,
 Their various beauties dispense,
 But, soon as they're blasted, they fade,
 Grow ugly, and lothsome to sense.
 Too late, to my sorrow I find
 The beauties alone that will laste,
 Are those, which are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy nor time cannot blast.
 Beware then, each maid, how you trust
 The fool, who to love makes pretence;
 For Strephon to love had been just,
 If heaven had blest him with sense.

YOU bid me, fair, conceal my love,
 Oh! think how hard the task;
 Think of the mighty pain I prove,
 Then think of what you ask.
 Go, bid the feverish wretch forbear
 'Midst burnings to complain,
 Go, bid the slaves, that fetter'd are,
 Forget the galling chain.
 Should they obey, yet greater far
 The torments which I feel:
 Love's fires than fevers fiercer are;
 Love pierces more than steel.
 Pain, but the body can controul,
 The thoughts no cord can bind,
 Love is a fever in the soul,
 A chain which holds the mind.

LOST to the joys of life is he,
 O sleep! who yields his hours to thee;
 If ever I invoke thy aid,
 Let Bacchus first my sense invade;
 Then o'er my soul be short thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to live again:
 But should some sweetly soothing dream
 Display the idol of my flame,
 With heaving breast, and yielding sighs,
 O sleep! forever seal my eyes.
 Delusion in a state like this,
 Is real and substantial bliss.

WHILE some sing of beauty and merit,
 Assist me, ye Nine, to unfold,
 With noble poetical spirit,
 The virtues of radiant gold.

Of all metals reflecting pure light,
 That ever was cast in a mould,
 There is none so attractively bright,
 So tempting as beautiful gold.

Thus the mighty imperial Jove,
 As antient historians have told,
 To fair Danae came down from above,
 And conquer'd her virtue with gold.

View the miser wrapt up in amaze,
 Its lustre's so bright to behold,
 Astonisht, he redoubles each gaze,
 Repelling each thought, but of gold.

In poetic addresses we find,
 The richest are always extoll'd;
 Tho' imperfect their body and mind,
 Pray, what is imperfect in gold?

In other poetical pieces,
 You may read it, 'twixt every fold,
 How wretched the compiler's case is,
 How needful he is of some gold.

What is it makes soldiers so brave,
 Undaunted, heroic and bold?
 For their country, 'tis true, they behave;
 They also have payment in gold.

By this, many neighbouring nations
 Have not been conquer'd, but sold,
 And statesmen have lost reputations,
 In hopes of augmenting their gold.

What is it makes Silvia so shy,
 So very indifferent and cold,
 To one lover so seemingly coy?
 The one has, ---- the other wants gold.

Ev'n the antiquated matron or maid,
 Tho' upwards of three score years old,
 Tho' mishapen, deform'd and decay'd,
 Has beauty and youth, if she's gold.

How great is its influence on some,
 Ev'n reaching the tongue of a scold?
 No arguments strikes her so dumb,
 As charming her silent with gold.

The lawyer, his seifines and charters,
 In orderly parchments enroll'd,
 With his client judiciously barbers,
 For what's more intrinsick, ---- his gold.

Ev'n the clergy themselves we may see,
 By money are greatly controul'd,
 Tho' they seldom or never agree,
 They powerfully join for more gold.

B.

The

The Two B A B E S in the W O O D.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
 The words which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account,
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No help then could he have ;
 His wife with him as sick did ly,
 And both possess one grave :
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind ;
 In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
 And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old ;
 Th' other a girl more young than he,
 And made in beauty's mould :
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jean,
 Two hundred pounds of gold,
 To be paid down on marriage day,
 Which might not be controul'd.
 But if the children chance to die,
 E'er they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear,

Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else have I here :
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day ;
 A little while 'tis but we have
 Within this world to stay.
 You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that then spake their mother dear,
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 Thou art the man must bring my babes
 To wealth or misery.
 If ye do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward,
 If other ways you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kist these children small ;
 God blest you both, my children dear,
 With that the tears did fall.
 These speeches then the brother spake,
 To the sick couple there,
 The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear.
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Or ought else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you're laid in your grave.
 Their parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home into his house,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,

But,

But, for their wealth, he did devise
To put them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in the wood ;
And told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was a friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at the tide ;
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on horseback ride :
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made the murth'ers heart relent ;
And they that took the deed to do
Full sore they did repent :
Yet one of them, more hard in heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

Th' other would not agree thereto ;
So there they fell to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the childrens life ;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where the babes did quake for fear.
He took the children by the hand,
While tears stood in their eye,

And bade them come along with him,
 And look they did not cry :
 And two long miles he led them thus,
 While they for bread complain ;
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.

The pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with black berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
 And when they say the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cry'd.

'Thus wand'red these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief ;
 In one another's arms they dy'd,
 As babes wanting relief.

No burial these two pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robinredbreast painfully
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell ;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell :
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made ;
 His cattle dy'd within the house,
 And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die :
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 Unto much misery :

'He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
 E'er seven years came about,

And

And now, at length, this wicked act

By this means did come out.

The fellow that did take in hand

These children for to kill,

Was for a robber judg'd to die,

As was God's blessed will;

Who did confess the very truth,

The which is here exprest;

Their uncle dy'd, while he for debt

Did long in prison rest.

All that executors are made,

And overseers eke,

Of children that be fatherless,

And infants mild and meek,

Take ye example by this thing,

And yield to each his right;

Lest God with such like miseries,

Your wicked minds requite.

FAIR and soft, and gay and young,

All charms she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,

There was no way t'scape the dart,

No cure cou'd guard a lover's heart;

Ah! why? cry'd I, and dropt a tear:

Adoring yet, despairing e'er,

To have her to myself alone,

Was so much sweetness made for one?

But, growing bolder, in her ear

I in soft numbers told my care,

She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,

And seem'd to glow with equal heat:

Like heavens! too mighty to express,

My joys cou'd be but known by guess:

Ah fool ! said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms :
But she, that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me ;
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

HOW is it possible, how can I forbear ?
So many charms all around you wear :
Thy ev'ry part hath such power to move,
Who sees, admires, and who knows you, doth love ;
In vain you do command away,
Methinks to thee I'd ever grow ;
While you remain, then must I stay ;
When you depart, then I must go.

'Tune, *Lillibullero*.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

COME

COME here, my smirking smiling lass,
 And let us play and toy together,
 And take some pleasure on the grass,
 All in this charming summer weather.

No, no, kind Sir, I cannot stay,
 Therefore, I hope you will excuse me;
 For, if I make the least delay,

My daddy surely will abuse me :
 For, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,
 I'm o'er young, it is a sin,
 To take me frae my minny yet.

My little dove, you're prone to love,
 For in your eyes there's pretty babies—
 And I'm the boy can yield you joy,
 So never more regard your daddy.

O fy for shame! you are to blame,
 Therefore, young man, I pray be civil,
 I vow and swear, my gown you'll tear,
 Leave off, you tricky coaxing devil.

My dear, don't frown, ne'er mind your gown,
 For, if I tear't, I'll buy another ;
 I'll lay you down on the green ground,
 And quickly all your fear will smother.

O fy ! O fy ! I cry, I'll die !
 My maidenhead is now in danger,
 But since 'tis so, e'en let it go,
 You are more welcome than a stranger.

He gently took her up again,
 They lovingly embrac'd each other.
 My dear, said he, this pretty game,
 Was always pleasing to your mother :
 My lovely swain, I believe the same,
 I vow and swear I love it dearly ;

Come

Come when you will, you're welcome still,
For I will meet you late or early.

Now I am fitting for a man,
And I can do't as well as any,
And your the one I pitch upon,
My dear, to take me from my minny.
Tho' I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
Tho' I'm o'er young, it is no sin,
To dance the jig my minny did.

All you young men, who wants to win
A maid, be neither slow nor stupid,
But with good heart still play your part,
And never be a slave to Cupid;
But where you find one to your mind,
I pray, don't spend much time in courting,
In a green field you'll make them yield,
A pleasant place for maids to sport in.

Sung by Mr. Conyers, in the new Concert Hall, Edinburgh.

YE medley of mortals, who make up this throng,
Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song,
What you would not expect here; my wit shall be new,
And what is more strange, every word shall be true.

Sing tantara-rara, truth all, truth all.

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than mine;
Send your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your coin;
The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lye still.

Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day what they seem to despise.

Exa.

Examine mankind from the great to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson brim full of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and round ruddy face,
Will rail at our doings ; but when it is dark
The parson's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd hat,
With blood he'll do this, and zounds he'll do that ;
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,
And shows that his looks are but masks to his heart.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shows letters from wives, and appointments from whores ;
But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace ;
For how would he blush, should he come face to face ?

The courtier and patriot, 'mongst other fine things,
Will talk of their country and love to their kings ;
But the mask will drop off, if you shake but the pelf,
And show king and country all center'd in self.

With an out-side of virtue, Miss Squeamish the prude,
If you touch her, she faints, if you speak you are rude :
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she 's none,
And perhaps she's carress'd by the coachman, or John.

With a grave mask of wisdom say physick and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no flaw ;
'Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,
And you find you have trusted a full bottom'd wig.

Thus, life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat ;
But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue,
You first cheat your selves, then the devil cheats you.

Sing tantara-rara, that's all, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Hemp Dressers.*

I Am a brisk young lively lass,
 A little more than twenty,
 And by my comely air and mien,
 I can have sweet-hearts plenty ;
 But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
 Tho' dying swains adore me,
 The men I'll teaze, myself to please,
 My mother did so before me.
 In rich brocades and diamonds bright,
 Like gayest springs delighting,
 My parts and humour shall unite,
 To make me more inviting.
 For I'll advance and learn to dance,
 To please shall be my glory ;
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 My mother, &c.
 I'll dress as fine, as fine can be,
 My pride shall be my pleasure,
 And tho' the neighbours envy me,
 To mind them I've no leisure.
 I'll take delight both day and night
 To be talk'd of in story,
 I'll have it said, there shines a maid,
 My mother, &c.
 To park and play I'll often go,
 To spend each leisure hour,
 I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
 And make them feel my power.
 But if a dart should pierce my heart,
 From one that does adore me,
 We'll wed and kiss, what harm's in this ?
 My mother, &c.
 Then will I manage, when I wed,
 My husband to perfection,

For

For, as good wives have often said,
 Keep husbands in subjection.
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory;
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
 My mother, &c.

Tune, *Alloa House*.

HOW jovial was I when my Susan did smile,
 And with mirth and good humour the moments
 beguile?

When chatting together, how kind would she be?
 No shepherd on earth was so happy as me!
 But now she is gone, what a change there appears,
 The days all, methinks, seem like so many years :
 Those hours, which seem'd minutes when Susan was by,
 Ah! now how they *linger*, how slowly they fly!

With such a companion, how pleasant to walk?
 How sprightly our hearts were, how fond was our talk?
 No rude interruption our rapture e'er prov'd,
 But mutually gazing, we mutually lov'd:
 But now she has left me, how alter'd am I?
 How gloomy my aspect, how languid my eye?
 The shepherds, who saw me so merry before,
 Cry, sure 'tis not Strephon, and know me no more.

To the park, or the walks, or wherever we stray'd,
 How gay the delights were, how cooling the shade!
 Wherever we enter'd, the sun streight retir'd,
 For her eyes had more lustre than Phœbus desir'd.
 But now let him shine out, his rival is flown,
 His envy may cease, now my Susan is gone,
 Far hence, very far, all my treasure is fled,
 And leaves me no comfort, but sighs in her stead?

Vaux-

Vaux-hall and its beauties enchant me no more,
 'Tis my Susan alone all its sweets can restore.
 When our boat o'er the Thames's rough surface did
 glide,
 Tho' the winds blew a storm, I was bless'd by her side :
 But now that she's absent, the gardens how dull ?
 And my breast with foreboding and terrors how full ?
 Tho' such pleasures reign round me, tho' thousands are
 there,
 To me 'tis a desert, till Susan appear.

When the charmer was with me, how gay would I sit ?
 Tho' the wine was so bad, I ne'er fretted a bit ;
 Tho' the cheese-cakes were musty, I valu'd no harms,
 Sufficiently feasted with viewing her charms.
 But now she is gone, how my senses are teas'd,
 How cross am I grown, and how hard to be pleas'd ?
 I rail at the waiters, and ev'ry thing round,
 Not love, nor the musick, my sorrows can drown.

In the bright open walks, or the dark private grove,
 When Susan was there, 'twas all pleasure and love,
 How pleasant this wood walk ! transported, I'd cry,
 Those well dispos'd lights, how they gladden the eye !
 But now, as I wander, what torments I prove :
 When I see the dear place, where I walk'd with my love,
 Tho' the place still remains, all the pleasure is flown,
 For those it deriv'd from my Susan alone.

As the symphony sounded, the notes how divine !
 When my fair Susan's ears were as ravish'd as mine,
 The soft thrilling sounds all our passions did move,
 And melted each sense into rapture and love !
 But now, she is absent, regardless I stand,
 Or pensive sit, leaning my head on my hand ;
 And tho' angels, instead of musicians were there,
 They might play till they tir'd, but I never could hear.

In Cooper's gay groves what delights have I seen,
 How cool were the zephyrs ! the skies how serene !
 The musick, the fire-works, and all was so grand,
 Forever, me thought, I admiring could stand.
 But now, Susan's absent, I cannot forbear,
 But cry, ---- " What ridiculous trifles are here.
 " Alas ! all those rockets sent up to the skies,
 " Are nought to the fire that's play'd off from her eyes !
 In vain bloom the vi'let, the lilly, the rose,
 When my Susan was with me, they sweets could disclose ;
 'Twas musick to hear then, and incense to smell,
 The birds in the grove, and the flow'rs in the vale :
 But now, tho' the flow'rs grow just where they did,
 And the birds sing the same, yet their charms are all fled,
 Their music sounds harsh, and the flow'rs, tho' they bloom,
 Since Susan has left me, lose all their perfume.
 Oh ! Cupid, how hard is the fate of thy laws,
 That such pain should proceed from so lovely a cause,
 Take pity upon me, and yield me relief,
 Or, I swear by her charms, I shall perish with grief.
 Behold, what sharp anguish, what pangs I endure,
 Behold, little Cupid, and grant me their cure ;
 Restore me my Susan, ---- Oh speedily fly ;
 For I live by her smiles, and without them I die.

Tune, *Lochaber*.

FAREWEL to my Gracey, my Gracey so sweet,
 Tho' parting is painful, how pleasant to meet ;
 Thy Jocky will languish and long for the day,
 That shall kiss all the tears of his Gracey away.
 Tho' honour in groves of tall laurels should grow,
 And fortune in tides should eternally flow ;
 Not honour, nor fortune shall Jocky detain,
 But he'll come to his dearest, his Gracey again.

Again at our door, in the mornings of spring,
 To see the sun rise, and to hear the birds sing;
 To rouse our companions and queen of the May,
 In copses to gambol, on meadows to play;
 At questions, and forfeits, all ring'd on the grass,
 To gather fresh chaplets, each lad for his lass;
 To whoop and to hide, and play tigg on the plain,
 Thy Jocky'll return to his Gracey again.

Or alone in his Gracey's sweet company bless'd,
 To feed the young robins that chirp in the nest,
 To help at her med'cines, and herbs for the poor,
 And welcome the stranger that sits by the door:
 At night o'er our fire, and a cup of clear ale,
 To hear the town news, and the travelers tale;
 To smile away life, till the blessing is o'er,
 And part from my dearest, my Gracey, no more.

Tune, My apron, Deary.

T WAS early in a morning, a morning of May,
 A foldier and a lassie was walking astray;
 Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
 I heard the lass cry, my apron now,
 My apron, deary, my apron now,
 My belly bears up my apron now.
 But I being a young thing, was easy to woo,
 Which makes me cry out, my apron now.

O had I ta'n counsel of father or mother,
 Or had I advis'd with sister or brother,
 But I being a young thing, and easy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, my apron now,
 My apron, deary, &c.

Your

Your apron, deary, I must confess,
 Seems something the shorter tho' naething the less ;
 Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true,
 And nae mair cry out, your apron now,
 Your apron, deary, &c.-----Your belly, &c.
 Then had your tongue, &c.

MERRY may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 Has ay a penny in her purse
 For dinner and for supper ;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheefe,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling ;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling :
 Tho' I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me ;
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bagg of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na' scanty ;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre ;
 Whilst lazy poufs with mealy mouse
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tack the miller ;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 For meal and malt she does nae want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

By H. CAREY.

CURST be the wretch that's bought and sold,
 And barter liberty for gold ;
 For when election is not free,
 In vain we boast of liberty,
 And he who sells his single right,
 Would sell his country, if he might.
 When liberty is put to sale
 For wine, for money, or for ale,
 The sellers must be abject slaves,
 The buyers vile designing knaves ;
 And 't has a proverb been of old,
 The devil's bought but to be sold.
 This maxim in the statesman's school
 Is always taught, divide and rule ;
 All parties are to him a joke,
 While zealots foam, he fits the yoke ;
 When men their reason once resume,
 'Tis then the statesmens turn to fume.
 Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite ;
 Leave off the old exploded bite ;
 Henceforth let Whig and Tory cease,
 And turn all party rage to peace ;
 Then shall we see a glorious scene,
 And so God save the king and queen.

SONGS for the BOTTLE.

*Nor shun, my soul! the genial bowl,
Where mirth, good nature, spirit flow;
Ingredients these, above to please
The laughing gods, the wise below.*

YOUNG.

Tune, A Cocker there was, &c.

THE women all tell me, I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
glass;

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone.

Derry down, down, &c.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time:
But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;

B b 3

But

But in wine, I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirstily am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife ;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old age :
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me ---- to get an estate, or a lord,
But my bumper, regarding nor title nor pelf,
Will stand by me, while I can stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,
Shou'd you doubt what I say,---take a bumper and try.

THE gods and goddesses lately did feast,
Where Ambrosia with exquisite saucers were dress'd,
Their eatables did with their deities suit,
But what they should drink did occasion dispute.
'Twas time that old Nectar were grown out of fashion,
Being what they did drink long before the creation ;
When the sky-colour'd cloth was mov'd from the board,
For making the bowl, great Jove gave the word.

The

The bowl it was large of a heavenly feize,
 Wherein they did use infant gods to baptize. (earth,
 Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink punch upon
 Whereby mortal wits far exceed us in mirth;
 Therefore our wise godheads together lets lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
 'Twas spoke like a god; fill the bowl to the top,
 He's cashier'd from the heav'ns that leaves the least
 Then Apollo sent away two of his lasses (drop.
 With pitchers to fill at the well of Parnassus;
 To poets new born this liquor is brought,
 And they suck it in for their morning's first draught.
 Juno for limons stept into her closet,
 Which, when she is sick, she infuses in posset.
 For goddesses may be as squeamish as gypsies:
 The sun and the moon, you know, have their eclipses.
 These limons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,
 Where a vigilant dragon was said to look to't.
 Twelve dozen of these were well squeez'd in the water,
 The rest of ingredients in order came after;
 Venus, admirer of all things that's sweet,
 (Without her infusion there had been no treat)
 Commanded her sugar loaves, white as her doves,
 To be brought to the table by a pair of young loves;
 So wonderful curious those deities were,
 The sugar was strain'd thro' a piece of fine air.
 Jolly Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,
 That, without his assistance, could be no good punch.
 What he meant by the sequel, is very well known,
 They threw in ten gallons of trusty Langoon.
 Mars, tho' a blunt god, and chief of the biskers,
 Was set at a table a curling his whiskers.
 Quoth he, fellow gods, and celestial gallants,
 I would not gave a fig for the punch without Nantz,
 There-

Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye
 To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz brandy.
 Saturn, of all the gods there, was the oldest,
 And we may imagine his stomach was coldest ;
 He out of his pouch did some nutmegs produce,
 Which, being well grated, were put in the juice ;
 Neptune this ocean of good liquor did crown,
 With a sea biscuit baked hard in the sun.
 The bowl being finish'd, a health then began ;
 Quoth Jove, let it be to that creature call'd man,
 'Tis to him alone this great pleasure we owe,
 For heaven it was never true heaven till now.
 The gods being pleas'd, the health went about,
 'Till gorrell-belly'd Bacchus' great guts nigh burst out.
 The other gods did oceans of punch swallow ;
 Acteon with hounds and with huntsman did hollow ;
 The punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,
 And all the world over the fame o't did ring.

SEE, see, the full bowl,
 'Tis the world to my soul ;
 The punch is the ocean,
 The bowl is the coast ;
 And the ship's the brown toast,
 We'll drink it all round,
 Till the bottom is found,
 And the ship's run a ground.
 How happy are we
 Who can drink a full sea ?
 Let a new deluge flow,
 And we'll drink it also.

AS swift as time, put round the glaſs,
 And husband well life's little ſpace;
 Perhaps your ſun, that ſhines ſo bright,
 May ſet in everlaſting night.

Or, if the ſun again ſhould riſe,
 Death, e're the morn, may cloſe your eyes :
 Then, drink before it be too late,
 And ſnatch the preſent hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
 Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound;
 In theſe alone true wiſdom lyes;
 For to be merry's to be wiſe.

Tune, Dumbarton Drums.

WHEN I think on this world's ſelf,
 And how little I ha'e o't my ſelf;
 I ſigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
 And ſhame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.
 Jonny was the lad that held the plough,
 But now he has goud and gear enough;
 I weel mind the day when he was na' worth a groat,
 And ſhame fa', &c.

Jenny was the laſs that mucked the byre,
 But now ſhe goes in her ſilken attire:
 And ſhe was a laſs who wore a plaiding coat,
 And ſhame fa', &c.

Yet a' this ſhall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May the d---l take the gear and the bagrie o't.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
 Then sit ye a while and tippie a bit,
 For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
 He gae me a kifs, and I bit his lippy ;
 Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick ;
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
 And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
 There were three lasses and them they had,
 Three trees in the orchyard are newly sprung,
 And we's a get gear enough, we're but young.
 Then up wi't Ailly, Ailly, up wi't Ailly now,
 Then up wi't Ailly, quo' cummer, we's a' get roaring fou :
 And one was kist in the barn, another was kist on the
 And t'other behind the pease stack, (green,
 Till the mow flew up to her een.
 Then up wi't Ailly, &c.

Now, fy, John Thomson run,
 Gin ever ye ran in your life ;
 De'il get you, but hey, my dear Jack,
 There's a man got a bed with your wife,
 Then up went, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,
 And I trow he ran with speed ;
 But before he had run his length,
 The false loon had done the deed.
 We're gayly yet, &c.

AS I went rambling up the street,
 The brewer's dose my brains did heat ;

My

My head grew heavy, and heels grew light,
And this likes my humour well, brave boys.

As I came by a cobbler's stall,
The stones with my nose a fighting did fall,
We kist and made friends, and that was all,
And this likes, &c.

The constable heard me curse and damn,
He bid me stand, if I was a man ;
I told him he bid me do more than I can.

And when I came hame, my wife she did scold ;
The more she did scold I told her to hold,
For I said, an be damn'd, I wont be controul'd.

My landlady tells me to pay my score ;
She calls me drunk, I call her a whore ;
Then I kick my landlady out of the door.

My landlady's cellar shall be my bed,
And on a butt I'll lay my head :
The world goes round, and the devil is dead.

WHEN I've a sixpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town :

But ay, when I'm poor, they bid me gang by ;
O ! poverty parts good company.

Todlin hame, todlin hame,

Cou'd nae my love come todlin hame.

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be fina',
We tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlin hame, todlin hame,

As round as a neep, we come todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin butt, and todlin ben,

Sae round as my loove comes todlin hame,

Leez me on liquor, my todlin dow,
 Ye're ay fae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober, sae four, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,
 When round as neep ye come todlin hame.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses;
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than Chloe when just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council-board,
 Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking
 More than by his conquering sword.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice
 With claret, canary, theorbos and voice;
 The changeable world to our joys are unjust,
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.
 In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
 For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,
 The mouse-trap of honour, and May-game of fate ;
 For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,
 He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx :
 His plot against death's but a slender pretence.
 Who'll take his place from him an hundred years hence!

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
 And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground ;
 Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,
 As if none were fit but the stars to attend her ;
 Altho' she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,
 She'll be damnable mouldy an hundred years hence.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to fear,
 Calls up all his spirits when danger is near ;
 He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
 And certainly thinks it will ever remain ;
 But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
 To flourish his standard an hundred years hence.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
 Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,
 He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,
 Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring ;
 Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence,
 He'll ne'er reach the market an hundred years hence.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling
 Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ; (trife,
 A suit which the client does wear out in slav'ry,
 Whilst the pleader makes consci'nce a cloak for his
 knav'ry ;

Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,
 He'll be *non est inventus* an hundred years hence.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
 Kills people by licence, and at their own charge ;
 He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
 By the dregs of a piss-pot, and ruins of health:

By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
 He'll be turn'd into mummy an hundred years hence.
 The meagre-chop'd us'rer, who on hundreds gets
 twenty,

But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,
 Lays up for a season he never will see,
 The year of one thousand eight hundred and three :
 He must change all his houses, his lands and his rents,
 For a worm-eaten coffin an hundred years hence.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
 To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions ;
 Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
 Yet expects that his blessing, be receiv'd as a favour ;
 Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
 Knows not what will come of him an hundred years
 (hence.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
 And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
 Must to the capricio of fortune submit,
 Which will make a fool of him, in spite of his wit ;
 Thus health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and
 sense,

Must all come to nothing an hundred years hence.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,
 By converting our joys into sighs and to tears ?
 Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,

And drive away sorrow, while vigour is lasting,
 We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence
 Have brats to succeed us an hundred years hence.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square,
 And lives within compass, by rules that are fair ;
 Whilst honour, and conscience, approve all his deeds,
 As virtue, and prudence directs, he proceeds,
 With friendship, and love, discretion, and sense,
 Leaves a pattern for brothers, an hundred years hence.

NOW the sun's gane out o' light,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light ;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.

Up in the air
 On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot ba' ;
 Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon ;
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet.
 The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,
 It drives away care :
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
 Come, Willie, gie's about ye'r toft ;
 Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us hae a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

O STIR her up and had her ga'en,
 Her mithers at the mill, jo;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books,
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.
 Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou, as ever it can hold:
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

I'LL sail upon the dog-star,
 And then pursue the morning:
 I'll chace the moon till it be noon,
 I'll make her leave her horning.
 I'll climb the frosty mountain,
 And there I'll coin the weather;
 I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
 And ty both ends together.

The stars pluck from the orbs too,
 And crowd them in my budget ;
 And whether I'm a roaring boy,
 Let Gresham college judge it.

While I mount yon blue cœlum,
 To shun the tempting gypsies,
 Play at foot ball with sun and moon,
 And fright ye with eclipses.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
 I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates
 You, my boy, must go (will is :
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy ;

Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.
 Let not your noble courage be cast down,
 But all the while you ly before the town,
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry ;
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

SUM up all the delights this world does produce,
 The darling allurements now chiefly in use ;
 You'll find, if compar'd, there's none can contend
 With the solid enjoyments of a bottle and friend.
 For honour, and wealth, and beauty may waste ;
 These joys often fade, and rarely do last ;
 They're so hard to attain, and so easily lost.
 That the pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and cost.
 None but wine, and true friendship, are lasting and sure,
 From jealousy free, and from envy secure ;
 Then fill all the glasses, until they run o'er,
 A friend, and good wine, are the charms we adore.

IF Phillis denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;
 Tho' she laughs at my am'rous grief,
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?
 At my mirth, &c.

The sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the cares my dull grief has in store;
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And by drinking what can I do more?
 And by, &c.

Wou'd Phillis but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love,
 And be, &c.

WOU'D you know how we meet o'er our jolly
 full bowls?

As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls.
 The sharp melts the sweet, the kind sooths the strong,
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long:
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire;
 Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

NOW Phebus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity;
 Braid your locks with rosie twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head;
 Strict age, and sovre severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lye.

HOW

HOW happy are we, when the wind is abaft,
And the boatswain he pipes, hawl both our sheets
aft?

Steady, steady, says the master, it blows a fresh gale;
We'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind does not fail.
Then drink about Tom, altho' the ship roll;
We'll save our rich liquor by flinging our bowl.

LIFE is checquer'd---toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.

See the crew in flannel jerkins;
Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
And as they raise the tip
To their happy lip,

On the deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick,
Prithee, Sam, prithee, Tom,
Let the cann go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
Bustle, bustle, bustle, brave boys,
Let us stir, let us toil,
But let's drink all the while,
For labour's the prize of our joys,
For labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd---toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure:
Hark, the crew with sun-burnt faces,
Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces;
And as they raise their notes,
Thro' their rusty throats,
On the deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd---toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure:

Hark,

Hark, the crew their cares discarding,
 With hussle-cap, or with chuck-farthing :-
 Still in a merry pin,
 Whether they lose or win.
 On the deck, &c.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
 Put the glass then around with the fun, boys,
 Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.
 Drinking's a christian diversion,
 Unknown to Turk and the Persian :
 Let Mahometan fools
 Live by heathenish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;
 While the brave Britons sing,
 And drink healths to their king,
 And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

WHILST the town's brimful of folly,
 And runs gadding after Polly,
 Let us take a chearful glass ;
 Tell me, Damon, where's the pleasure
 Of bestowing time and treasure,
 For to make one's self an ass ?
 I'm for joys are less expensive,
 Where the pleasure's more extensive,
 And from dull attention free ;
 Where my Celia, o'er a bottle,
 Can, when tir'd with am'rous prattle,
 Sing old songs as well as she.

TOBY

By H. CAREY.

T OBY Swill
 Has ne'er his fill,
 Tho' he drinks from night to day ;
 But soon as e'er
 The reck'ning's call'd,
 Then Toby sneaks away.
 Toby laughs,
 And puns and quaffs,
 Until a bill is call'd ;
 That strikes him dumb,
 He's then hum-drum,
 And all his mirth is pall'd.
 Pay but his shot,
 'Tis all forgot,
 And he again is gay ;
 He'll stand the rub
 Of a whole club,
 To drink, and not to pay.

B ACCHUS, one day gaily striding
 On his never-failing tun,
 Sneaking empty pots deriding,
 Thus addrest each toping son ;
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid shrine ;
 All things noble, gay and airy,
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.
 Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me ;
 The poet wrote the flaming story,
 Fir'd by my divinity :
 If my influence is wanting,
 Music's charms but slowly move ;

Beauty

Beauty too in vain lyes panting,
 'Till I fill the swain with love.

If you'd know a lasting pleasure,
 Mortals this way bend your eyes ;
 From my ever-flowing treasure,
 Charming scenes of bleſs ariſe.
 Here's the ſoothing balmy bleſſing,
 Sole diſpeller of your pain ;
 Gloomy ſouls from care releaſing ;
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

OLD Saturn, that drone of a god,
 And father of all the divine ;
 Still govern'd the world with a nod,
 Yet fancy'd brisk women and wine ;
 And when he was whimſical grown,
 By ſipping his plentiful bowl,
 Then frankly the truth he would own,
 That a wench was the joy of his ſoul.

Great Jupiter, like his old dad,
 To love and a bottle inclin'd ;
 When mellow, was conſtantly glad
 To find a plump girl to his mind ;
 And then, as the ſtory is told,
 He'd conjure himſelf in her arms ;
 As once in a ſhower of gold
 He riſed fair Danae's charms.

Stern Mars, the great god of the field,
 All day tho' delighting in blood,
 At night his fierce godſhip would yield
 To beauty and wine that was good ;
 With Neſtar he'd cheriſh his heart,
 And raiſe up his wanton deſires ;

Then

Then to Venus, his darling, impart
The warmth of his amorous fires.

Apollo, the patron of bays,
Full gobblets would merrily drain,
And sing forth poetical lays,
When the fumes had got into his brain:
But still as he whimsical grew,
By toping the juice of the vine,
To Parnassus daily he flew,
To kiss all the musical nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the rest,
Made wenching and wine his delight,
And thought himself perfectly blest
With a bottle and mistress at night:
No wonder debauches he lov'd,
And cheating his pleasure he made;
For the gods have ev'ry one prov'd
That pimping was always his trade.
Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd sot,
His thirst could but seldom allay,
Till astride o'er a hog'shead he got,
And drunk all the liquor away;
As long as upright he could sit,
He'd strenuously bellow for more;
When drunk, then the vessel would quit,
And reel to some Bacchanal whore.

By Mr. COWLEY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away,
Life is, &c.

Both

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline ;
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore ;
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear, &c.

WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind;
 'Tis then I think thee so divine,
 T' excel the mighty pow'r of wine :
 But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my pain,
 I wash thee away with sparkling champaign ;
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.
 When pity in thy looks I see,
 I freely quit my friends for thee ;
 Persuasive love so charms me then,
 My freedom I'd not wish again :
 But when thou art cruel, and heed'st not my care,
 Then streight with a bumper I banish despair ;
 So bravely, &c.

FROM good liquor ne'er shrink,
 In friendship we'll drink,
 And drown all grim care and pale sorrow :
 Let us husband to-day,
 For time flies swift away,
 And no one's assur'd of to-morrow.
 Of all the gay fages
 That grac'd the past ages,

Dad Noah the most did excel ;
 He first planted the vine,
 First tasted the wine,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?
 Then fill up my glass,
 I'll see that it pass
 To the manes of that good old fire.

SOME liken man to brittle glass,
 Some to a burning taper,
 To garden flow'rs, or meadow grass,
 Or to a rising vapour.
 But doubtless beer in barrel tunn'd,
 Or close in bottle pent,
 Does human life thro' all its round
 Most clearly represent.

The infant drink will driv'ling dose,
 And cry like child in cradle ;
 You must let neither lie too loose,
 Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New ale, you know, is full of wind,
 Wanting due time to stale it ;
 The dregs, not yet by age refin'd,
 Are nauseous to the palate.

Fresh hops sometimes our art employs,
 To rectify the liquor ;
 And who believes, but that the boy's
 Correction is a bitter ?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning age,
 Both man and beer grow bright ;

To conversation they engage,
And ev'ry friend delight.

But if the cork be naught in one,
And weak the head in't other:
The liquor's flat, and duncce the man,
And neither can recover.

PHILLIS, as her wine she sip'd in,
Gaily talking with her swain,
Into her hand he sily slip'd in,

Tol, lol, lol, lol,

A full glass of brisk champaign.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?

Must I always sigh in vain?

Must I never hope to tickle,

Tol, lol, &c.

Your ear with a merry strain?

Long have I been toss'd and fretting,

Like a sailor on the main;

Sure, at length, 'tis time to get in,

Tol, lol, &c.

To the port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in stealing,

Of new conquests still are vain;

Torture others, whilst I'm feeling,

Tol, lol, &c.

Pleasure that is void of pain.

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,

And from love could not refrain;

So in the nick the nymph was finely,

Tol, lol, &c.

Fitted for her cold disdain.

Time,

COME to my arms, my treasure,

Thou spring of all my joy ;

Without thy aid all pleasure

Must languish, fade and die.

In vain is all resistance,

When arm'd with thy assistance,

What fair one can deny ?

Then fill around the glasses,

And thus we'll drink and chant,

May all the dear kind lasses

Have all they wish or want.

Da Capo.

HERE'S to thee, my Damon, let's drink and be
merry,

And drown all our cares in full bumpers of sherry ;

Commit ev'ry care to the guardians above,

And we'll live, like immortals, in pleasure and love.

Here's Phillis's health ; lo ! the liquor flows higher ;

'Tis Phillis's name that awakens that fire :

Since the liquor is clear, let our eloquence shine,

And fancy be brisk, as the sparkling wine.

Ye nymphs, and ye graces, ye cupids, ye swains,

Go pluck the sweet roses, the pride of the plains :

Pluck only such roses as worthy the fair,

And weave her a chaplet with diligent care.

While to yon cool poplar's kind shade we retire,

To melt in embraces, and mingle our fire ;

In languishing blisses we'll live and we'll die,

She'll melt in the flames that I catch at her eye.

OFT I'm by the women told,

Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old ;

D d 2

See

See how thy hairs are falling all !
 See, poor Anacreon, how they fall !
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know.
 'This I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old ;
 'Tis time, short pleasure now to take ;
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

From Anacreon, by Mr. COWLEY.

Tune, Nanny-O.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun (and one should guess,
 By's drunken fiery face, no less)
 Drinks up the sea ; and when he's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun ;
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night :
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there ; for why
 Shou'd ev'ry creature drink but I,
 Ye men of morals, tell me why ?

AS tippling John was jogging on,
 Upon a riot night,

With

With tottering pace, and fiery face,
 Suspicious of high flight;
 The guards, who took him by his look
 For some chief fiery-brand,
 Ask'd, whence he came? what was his name?
 Who are you? stand, friend, stand.

I'm going home, from meeting come.
 Ay, says one, that's the case;
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 The flame's still in his face
 John thought it time to purge his crime,
 And said, my chief intent
 Was to allwage my thirsty rage,
 — I' the meeting that I meant.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain;
 Says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd.
 Are you high church or low?
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and strife,
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burges's go,
 To steeple, house, nor hall,
 The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal,
 With, gentlemen, d' ye call;
 Guess then, am I low church or high?
 From tavern or the steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And must make high flown people.

The guards came on, and look'd at John
 With countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round, they all soon found
 He was no damag'd peasant.

Thus while John stood, the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

Tune, *If love's a sweet passion, &c.*

SAY, good master Bacchus astride on your but,
 Since our champagne's all gone, and our claret's
 run out;
 Which of all the brisk wines in your empire that grow,
 Will serve to delight your poor drunkards below?
 Resolve us, great sir, and soon send it over,
 Lest we die, lest we die of the sin of being sober.

COME lads, ne'er plague your heads
 With what is done in Spain,
 But leave to them; who are supreme,
 To settle peace again:
 Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
 Pays no nation's debt:
 'Tis time must clear it, just like claret,
 When 'tis on the fret.

Each one should mind his own,
 Not business of the state:
 'Tis all we get, by meddling, yet,
 More troubles to create.
 Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
 But disturb the town;
 Such men of mettle, in a kettle
 Make two holes for one.

If you the dangers knew
 Of those that wear a crown,
 You'd scarce envy a state so high,
 But wisely use your own.
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
 With the dazzling height;

Yet

Yet daily stooping, almost drooping
Underneath the weight.

Low swains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command, with crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and sheep :
Their leisure, pleasure, sporting courting,
None but time deceive ;
Whilst Amaryllis, jug and Phillis,
Flow'ry garlands weave.

LET'S drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments, as they pass,
This silent admonition give,
T' improve our time, and push the glass.
When once we've enter'd Charon's boat,
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
There's not a drop to wet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,
Come fill up a bowl, and a pox on all grief ;
If we find that won't do, we'll have such an other,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another ;
Till, like sons of Apollo, we'll make our wit soar,
Or, in homage to Bacchus, fall down on the floor.
Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,
Each of them delighted to toss off their bowls ;
Then let us shew ourselves mortals of merit,
By toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret ;
And then we shall each be deserving of praise ;
But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

WHILE

WHILE the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight;
 While the fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night,
 With the god I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly;
 Fickle woman to marry implore;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end!
 When I do, may I never drink more.

By Mr. COWLEY.

FILL the bowl with rosie wine,
 Around our temples roses twine;
 And let us chearfully a while
 Like the wine and roses smile;
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn
 Gyges wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours, what do we fear?
 To-day is ours, we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay:
 Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow,
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

By Mr. COWLEY.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid;
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing;

What

What shou'd I do, but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, love, nay, fill it up,
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health, and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay,
 In a smooth than ragged way;
 Since it equally doth fly,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments show'r?
 Noble wines, why do we pour?
 Beauteous flowers, why do we spread
 Upon the mon'uments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me, alive, my pleasures have;
 All are stoicks in the grave.

OF all the occupations
 A toper is the best;
 For, when the world's affairs run cross,
 Good liquor gives him rest.
 And a toping we will go, &c.
 Here's to thee, honest toping Jack,
 Here's wine will chear thy heart;
 And if the bottle's almost out,
 We'll have the other quart.
 And a toping, &c.

What

What tho' your sober streakers
 Call jolly toppers swine ;
 Because they wallow in the dirt,
 And we do swim in wine ?
 The music that delights us most,
 Is when the bar-bell rings ;
 For when the wine's got in our heads,
 We fancy that we're kings.
 Good liquor drives away all cares,
 Which so preplex men's lives ;
 For when we've drank our courage up,
 We fear no scolding wives.
 We'll drink at morn, at noon and night,
 The glass still going round ;
 And when we cannot sit upright,
 We'll drink upon the ground.
 See how the shining sparkles rise,
 Then fill your glasses high ;
 Tho' gouty pains attack your limbs,
 We'll drink until we die.
 The lover lives on Celia's smiles,
 And if she frowns, he dies ;
 But what are female smiles or frowns,
 To jolly drinking boys ?
 Let misers heap up store of gold,
 To please their greedy souls ;
 The greatest bliss we toppers find,
 Is in full flowing bowls.
 Let Whigs and Tories plague their heads,
 To settle state affairs ;
 We'll drink, and all our time carouse,
 If we live a thousand years.
 And a toping, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Hark, away, &c.*

JOLLY souls that are generous and free,
And true vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
To great Bacchus' shrine let's repair,
And a bottle or two offer there.

Chorus. Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our bottle at night gives us joy and delight,
And drowns all the drowsy fatigues of the day.

Let the gripping old usurer pine,
Let the lover call Phillis divine,
Let each man what he fancies commend;
My delight's in my bottle and friend.

Exempt from, &c.

O what joy from the bottle there springs!
It can make us greater than kings,
If our spirits by grief are oppress'd,
Wine alone can procure us some rest.

Great influence has wine over love,
And the coy 'twill make kinder to prove;
Tho' the nymph very shyly denies,
It discovers the truth in her eyes.

It can make us all heroes, in brief,
And the wretched forget all his grief;
It inspires the gallant and brave,
And freedom can give to the slave.

BY the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry;
With a hey down, ho down derry,
Maxilinda's I'll remain,
True blue will never stain.

By

By H. CAREY.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
 That love to tope good wine,
 Let us offer up a hog'shead
 Unto our masters shrine.
 And a toping we will go, &c.
 Then let us drink, and never shrink,
 For I'll give a reason why;
 'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
 Till we've drunk the cellar dry.
 In time of old, I was a fool,
 I drank the water clear;
 But Bacchus took me from that rule,
 He thought 'twas too severe.
 He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
 And bade me take a sup;
 But had it been a gallon-pot,
 By jove, I'd tost it up.
 And ever since that happy time,
 Good wine has been my cheer;
 Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
 But water or small bear.
 Then let us tope about, my boys,
 And never flinch, nor fly;
 But fill our skins brim-full of wine,
 And drain the bottles dry.

SOME say women are like the sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays,
 Some the weather, some the cocks :

But

But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer and divine ;
 They put a gigg in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool ;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale ?
 What is't that makes your looks divine ?
 What makes your courage rise and fall ?
 Is it not women ? is it not wine ?
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses ?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

LET soldiers fight for pay or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear,
 Pure wine is native red and white :
 'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull ;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flow from cups brim full,
 Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk ;
 Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
 But they want nothing that are drunk.

O GRANT me, kind Bacchus, the god of the vine,
 Not a pipe nor a tun, but an ocean of wine,
 With a ship that's well man'd with such rare hearty
 fellows,
 Who ne'er left the tavern for a porterly ale-house.
 Let the ship spring a leak, to let in the tipples,
 Without pump or long-boat, to save ship or people :—
 So that each jolly lad may always be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink, or to drink, or be drown'd.
 When death does prevail, it is my design
 To be nobly intomb'd in a wave of good wine :
 So that living or dead, both body and spirit
 May float round the world in an ocean of claret.

Tune, Come let us prepare, &c.

THE sages of old,
 In prophecy told
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;
 But our new English breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.
 With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,

And

And preach up false tenets to many :

We snarl and we bite,

We rail and we fight

For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,

That's true to his friend,

And the church and the senate would settle :

Who delights not in blood,

But draws when he shou'd

And bravely stands brunt o' the battle.

Who rails not at kings,

Nor politick things,

Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;

But takes a full glass,

To his country's success,

This, this is an honest brave fellow.

LINCO found Damon lying
In tears upon the plain ;

And laughing at his crying,

Increas'd poor Damon's pain.

Cries Damon, mortal, fly me,

Or by the pow'rs divine,

Cries Linco, don't defy me,

And shews a flask of wine.

This---foolish pining lover

Will teach thee how to storm,

Thy gaiety recover,

And make the maid grow warm ;

Come prithee, Damon, try it,

'Tis sov'reign, prithee do ;

Damon cou'd not deny it,

He drank full bumpers too.

Soon Damon felt the liquor,

His cheeks grew rosy red ;

Then Linco fill'd out quicker,

'Twas out, they went to Bed.

Next morning Damon straying,

To breath the fragrant air,

He heard poor Delia praying

A last and fervent pray'r.

Yes, yes, I must implore him,

Damon the kind, the true.

Ye gods, she cry'd, restore him,

Else love and life adieu.

On Linco's humour thinking,

He sprung into her arms ;

And fir'd with last night's drinking,

Wou'd revel in her charms.

The maid, like crimson blushing,

Reclin'd her head, and sigh'd ;

Whilst eager Damon, flushing,

Love's strongest efforts try'd :

Ah ! whither am I flying !

Her fault'ring tongue exprest ;

Then clasping, panting, sighing,

They murmur'd all the rest.

THE ordnance board

Such joy does afford,

That no mortal, no mortal,

No mortal more can desire ;

Each member repairs,

From the tower to the stairs,

And by water, whush, and by water, whush,

And by water we go to fire.

Each

Each piece that's on shore,
 They search from the bore ;
 And to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather ;
 Our glassess are large,
 And whene'er we discharge,
 With a boom, huzza boom, huzza,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old Vulcan for Mars
 Made tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But Mars, had he been
 On our Woolwich green,
 To hear boom, huzza boom, huzza,
 He'd have own'd great Marlbro' his master.

YOU'VE heard, no doubt, how all the globe
 Was soak'd of old with Noah's flood :
 See ! here's a globe that holds a sea !
 A sea of liquor twice as good !
 Tol lol de rol.

Had Noah's been a flood like this,
 And Anak's sons such souls as I,
 They'd drank the deluge as it rose,
 And left the ark, like Noah, dry.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask we're told
 How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus wakes, and wakens love ;
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

YOUNG Cupid I find
 To subdue me inclin'd,
 But at length I've a stratagem found,
 That will rid me of him,
 For I'll drink to the brim,
 And unless he can swim,
 He, like other puppies, will drown.

YOUNG Bacchus, when merry bestriding his tun,
 Proclaim'd a neighbourly feast ;
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,
 A jolly parochial priest ;
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank a health to the church,
 Preferring it to the king,
 Altho' he long since had left both in the lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative blade, (whom we call
A doctor of the civil law)

He guzzl'd and drank up the devil and all,
As fast as the drawer could draw ;

But a health to all nobles he stiffly deny'd,

Tho' lustily he could swill,

Because, still the faster the quality dy'd,

It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next a physician to ladies and lords,

Who eases all sickness and pain,

And conjures distempers away with hard words,

Which he knows is the head of his gain ;

He step'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brim,

And quaffing, did freely agree,

That Bacchus, who gave us such cordial to drink,

Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice who never read law,

With twenty informers behind ;

On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,

'Till his worship had drunk himself blind ;

Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest

Of drunkards and jilts of the town,

That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,

Except they would drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,

By tallymen chiefly employ'd,

Who lengthen'd his bills with co hy and mawdraw,

And a thousand such items beside ;

The healths, that he drank, were to Westminster-hall,

And to all the grave dons of the gown ;

Rependum in Petro, *durendum* in Paul,

Such Latin sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,

With his hair doubl'd under his hat,

Who

Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat;
 He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his king,
 Or the help of some inipudent punk,
 That he wou'd not depart, till he made the butt sing,
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
 The one fam'd in musick, the other in wine,
 In heaven were raving, disputing and braving,
 Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most divine.
 Your musick, says Bacchus, would stun us and rack us,
 Did claret not soften the discord you make:
 Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,
 'Till poets of my great influence partake.
 I'm young, plump and jolly, free from melancholy,
 Who e'er grew fat by the sound of a string?
 Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often contribute
 To purchase a bottle before they do swing.
 In love I am noted, by old and young courted,
 A girl, when inspired by me, is soon won;
 So great are the motions of one of my potions,
 The muses, tho' maids, I could whore ev'ry one.
 When mortals are fretted, perplex'd or indebted,
 To me, as a father, for succour they cry;
 In their sad condition, I hear their petition;
 A bottle relieves the oppress'd votary.
 Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and fluting,
 Aside lay your harp, and bow down to the flask;
 My joys they are riper than songs from a piper,
 What musick is sweeter than sounding a cask?

Says

Says Phœbus, this fellow is drunk sure, or mellow,
 To prize musick less than wine and October,
 Since those who love drinking are void of all thinking,
 And want so much sense as to keep themselves sober.

Thus while they were wrangling, disputing and jangling,
 Came buxom bright Venus to end the dispute :

Says she, now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd me,
 When arm'd with a bottle, and charm'd with a flute.

Your music has charm'd me, your wine has alarm'd me,
 When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won ;

When both have been moving, I could not help loving,
 And wine has completed what music begun.

The gods, struck with wonder, declar'd, by Jove's thunder,
 They'd mutually join in supplying love's flame ;

So each, in their function, mov'd on in conjunction,
 To melt with soft pleasure the amorous dame.

Tune, Leave off your foolish prating.

LET a set of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking,

While water, tea,

And milk agree,

To set cold brains a thinking :

Power and wealth,

Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;

Joys abound,

Pleasure's found,

Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness

All differ'd in opinion,

But wiser rules

Of modern schools,

In wine fix their dominion :

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty.

Wine was the only Helicon;
 Whence poets are long liv'd so;
 'Twas no other main,
 Than brisk Champaign,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
 All kind of ill had sent us,
 In a merry mood,
 A bottle of good
 Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
 Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
 Gives dullards wit,
 Makes just the cit,
 Truth forces from the lawyer.

Wine sets our joys a flowing,
 Our care and sorrow drowning.
 Who rails at the bowl,
 Is a Turk in's soul,
 And a Christian ne'er shou'd own him:
 Power and wealth, &c.

ONCE in our lives,
 Let us drink to our wives,
 Though their numbers be but small;
 Heaven take the best,
 And the devil take the rest,
 And so we shall get rid of them all.

To

To this hearty wish,
 Let each man take his dish,
 And drink, drink till he fall.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
 His bags to increase, he his health makes decay;
 Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All chearful and hearty, we set aside party,
 With some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd;
 Thus Bacchus invites us, thus Venus delights us,
 While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See here's our physician, we know no ambition,
 For where there's good wine and good company found,
 Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
 'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

On a Man with a-wry Nose.

PETER White that never goes right,
 Would you know the reason why?
 Would you, &c.

He follows his nose where ever he goes,
 And that stands all a-wry, a-wry,
 And that, &c.

By Mr. OLDHAM.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul;
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave;

I mean

I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury 't there :
 Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me ;
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars.

By Mr. COWLEY.

HERE'S to thee, Dick ; this whining love despise ;
 Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st
 It sparkles brighter far than she ; (wife
 'Tis pure and right without deceit ;
 And such no woman e'er will be :
 No, they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains, what canst thou win,
 But an ill-favour'd, and uncleanly sin ?

A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
 That Venus' joys, as well as she,
 With reason may be said to be,
 From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty, move ?
 Whom would it e'er perswade to court and love ?

Could he a woman's heart have seen,
 (But, oh ! no light does thither come)
 And view'd her perfectly within,
 When he lay shut up in her womb ?

Follies they have so numberless in store,
 That only he who loves them can have more.

Neither their sighs nor tears are true ;
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all.
 But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again ; thy senseless sorrow's drown'd ;
 Let the glass walk, till all things too go round ;
 Again,

Again, till these two lights be four ;
 No error here can dangerous prove :
 Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more :
 None double see like men in love.

By Mr. COWLEY.

CHEAR up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow,
 Clap on more sail and never spare ;
 Farewel all lands, for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me, 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine,
 And we shall cut the burning line :
 Hey boys ! she scuds away, and by her head I know,
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those that tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam,
 And gain such experience, and spy too
 Such countries and wonders, as I do ?
 But prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
 And sail not to touch at Peru ;
 With gold there the vessel we'll store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 No, never be poor any more.

Tune, To you fair Ladies, &c.

WHEN first to Cambridge we do come,
 Tol lol deral, &c.
 From mamma's dear beloved home,
 Tol lol deral, &c.
 First, we must have a cap and a gown,
 And next, the prettiest girl in town,
 Tol lol deral, &c.

Then next a tutor we must have,
 'Tis ten to one he proves a knave,
 Who minds not what we do all day,
 So we come home at night to pray.

Then streight he buys us Aristotle,
 Which we pawn often for a bottle ;
 And Euclid's Elements must pack,
 For a better element, good sack.

Then he writes home unto our friends,
 For money to serve his own ends,
 Which he keeps safe lock'd up in trunk,
 Whilst we abroad are getting drunk.

There's item for Homer, that blind poet ;
 Be sure your tutor does not know it.
 We'll smoak and drink, and merry be,
 Until we are as blind as he.

Then hang all studying to no end,
 Enjoy your bottle and your friend ;
 We'll drink and smoak, and take our fill :
 We may be parsons when we will.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
 The bowl's frolick joys, let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 Power and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain ;
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave ;
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what you
 gave.

FY!

FY! nay! prithee John!
Do not quarrel man!

Let's be merry and drink about :
You're a rogue, you've cheated me,
I'll prove before this company :
I caren't a farthing, sir, for all you are so stout.
Sir, you lie, I scorn your word,
Or any man that wears a sword ;
For all you huff, who cares a t---
Or who cares for you.

AARON thus propos'd to Moses,
Come let us fuddle, fuddle our noses :
Moses reply'd again to Aaron,
'Twill do us more harm than you're aware on ;
Wine has a celestial charm in't,
Therefore there can be no harm in't ;
If you wou'd be Aaron's brother,
Then whip off this bottle, and call for another.

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so woundy great,
So wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.
Hark ! the first and second bell,
That every day, at four and ten,
Cries, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the Verger troops before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the bearers home ;
But the ne'er a man will leave his cann,
Till he hears the mighty tom.

JACK, thou'rt a toper,
 Jack thou'rt a toper,
 Let's have t'other quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 ring, ring, ring, ring.
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a shame to part.

None but a cuckold, a cuckold,
 A cuckold, a cuckold,
 Bully'd by his wife for coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming late,
 Fears a domestick strife.
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you,
 So are you, so are you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Tho' watchmen cry, past two o'clock.

PR'YTHEE, fill me the glafs,
 'Till it laughs in my face,
 With ale that is potent and mellow:
 He that whines for a lass
 Is an ignorant ass,
 For a bumper has not its fellow.

HAD she not care enough, care enough,
 Had she not care enough of the old man?
 She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed she led him,
 For seven long winters she lifted him on.
 But oh! how she nigl'd him, nigl'd him, nigl'd him,
 Oh! how she nigl'd him, all the night long.

UNDER this stone lyes Gabriel John,
 In the year of our Lord One thousand and one;
 Cover his head with turff or stone, 'tis all one,
 'Tis all one, with turff or stone, 'tis all one;
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 If you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

A Hogshead was offer'd to Bacchus his shrine,
 The god was offended because 'twas white wine;
 Then curst in a passion, damn't, rot it and mar it,
 Didst ever know Bacchus drink other than claret?
 So the jolly red god having empty'd the white wine,
 Return'd the poor vot'ry the hogshead to shite in.

WHILE the town agrees that Polly
 Best diverts our melancholy,
 Let us toast the sprightly lass,
 Let us toast, &c.
 Heedless of the time and treasure
 Spent on her who gives such pleasure,
 Drink and put about the glass,
 Drink and put, &c.

Polly's charms are so extensive,
 That the chearful, grave and pensive,
 Equally her power obey.
 In a bed, or o'er a bottle,
 Full of wit and am'rous prattle,
 Pretty Polly's always gay.

AN ape, a lion, a fox and an ass,
 Do shew forth man's life as it were in a glass;
 For apish we are till twenty and one,
 And after that lions, till forty be gone;
 Then wilie as foxes till threescore and ten;
 But after that asses, and so no more men.

A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a crow,
 As plainly sets forth how you women may know;
 Harmless they are till thirteen be gone,
 Then wanton as sparrows till forty draw on;
 Then prating as parrots till threescore be o'er;
 Then birds of ill omen, and women no more.

Tune, Let ambition fire thy mind.

WHAT is love, fantastlic boy?
 Does he give a blis sincere?
 Short and transient is the joy
 Simple mortals hold so dear.

Bacchus yields but gay deceit,
 That our senses steals away;
 Who unhurt did e'er retreat,
 That enjoy'd him one whole day?

Join but friendship then to love,
 And observe what joys appear;
 Once unite 'em, and you'll prove
 Earth can give a blis sincere.

Mingle friendship in the glass,
 And sublimer joys shall flow;
 Wing'd with peace the hours shall pass,
 Time his frowns of age forego.

Friendship, thee I'll ever sing,
 Best and purest gift of Jove,
 Thou shalt found on every string,
 Source of joy, and sum of love.

On the BATTLE of AUDENARDE.

YE commons and peers, pray lend me your ears ;
 I'll sing you a song, if I can,
 How *Louis le Grand* was put to a stand
 By the arms of our gracious queen Anne.
 How his army, so great, had a total defeat,
 Not far from the river of Dender :
 Where his grandchildren twain, for fear of being slain,
 Gallop'd off with the popish Pretender.
 To a steeple on high, the battle to spy,
 Up mounted these clever young men ;
 But when from the spire they saw so much fire,
 They cleverly came down again.
 Then on horseback they got, upon the same spot,
 By advice of their cousin Vendome :
 O Lord ! cry'd out he, unto young Burgundy,
 Would your brother and you were at home.
 While thus he did say, without more delay,
 Away the young gentry fled,
 Whose heels, for that work, were much lighter than
 Tho' their hearts were as heavy as lead. (cork,
 Not so did behave the young Hanover brave,
 In this bloody field, I assure ye ;
 When his war-horse was shot, he valu'd it not,
 But charg'd still on foot, like a fury.
 While death flew about, aloud he cry'd out,
 Ho, you chevalier of St. George,
 If you'll neither stand, by sea nor by land,
 Pretender, that title you forge.
 Thus boldly he stood, as became that high blood,
 Which runs in his veins so blue :
 This gallant young man, being kin to queen Anne,
 Fought as, were she a man, she would do.

What

What a racket was here, (I think 'twas last year,)
 For a little ill fortune in Spain!
 For, by letting 'em win, we have drawn the puts in,
 To lose all they are worth this campaign.
 Tho' Bruges and Ghent to Monsieur we lent,
 With interest he soon shall repay 'em;
 While Paris may sing, with her sorrowful king,
De profundis instead of *Te Deum*.
 For their dreams of success, they'll awaken, we guess,
 At the found of brave Marlborough's drums:
 They may think, if they will, of Almanza still,
 But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.
 O Lewis, perplex'd, what general's next?
 Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain:
 He has beat 'em all round, if no new ones are found,
 He shall beat the old over again.
 We'll let Tallard out, if he'll take t'other bout,
 And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye;
 With Nottingham ale, at every meal,
 And good pudding and beef in his belly.
 But, as losers at play their dice throw away,
 While the winners do still win on:
 Let who will command, thou hadst better disband;
 For, old bully, thy doctors are gone.

On the Italian Singers.

MUSICK sure has charms to move;
 With my song I'll charm my love;
 This good land, where money grows,
 Well the price of musick knows:
 Hither all the warblers throng,
 Taking money, milk and honey,
 Taking money for a song,
 Taking money, &c.

Had

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
 Enraptur'd I'd hasten away,
 And quickly repair to my love,
 Whose beauties enliven the day.

Bring soon from the hamlets again,
 Ye gods, her I ask for my wife :
 Without her, I'm ever in pain,
 And relish no pleasure in life.

Ah ! cruel decree of hard fate,
 To keep me so long from my fair :
 Come, pity my desolate state,
 And banish all thoughts of despair.

With her, O ! what scenes I enjoy
 Of mirth and good humour all day,
 Such blessings as never will cloy,
 Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

THE chase is o'er, and on the plain
 The hounds the lusty stag have slain ;
 Let the horn, with sprightly tone,
 All our sportive pleasures crown.

Of Britons thus the antient race
 With nervous toil pursu'd the chase ;
 By no ungenerous thought controul'd,
 Their hearts were honest, free and bold.

Like them again, no slaves to courts,
 Let Britons still pursue their sports ;
 Like them again, shall Britons be
 As brave, as honest, and as free.

A LADIE and a lassie
 Dwelt in the south countrie,
 And they ha'e cassen their claiaths the gither,
 And married they wad be.

The

The bridal day was set,
 On Tiseday for to be ;
 Then hey play up the runawa' bride,
 For she has tane the gie.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 When she began to consider,
 The ang'ring of her father dear,
 The displeasing o' her mither ;
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The weel warst of the three ;
 Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they came
 Unto the water of Tweed ;
 And when they came to Kelfo town,
 They gart the clap gae thro',

Sa' ye a lafs wi' a hood and a mantle,
 The face o't lin'd up wi' blue ;
 The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
 And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
 Sa' ye a lafs wi' a hood and a mantle
 Was married on Tiseday 'teen ?

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
 He was as saft as butter ;
 For had she play'd the like to me,
 I had nae fae easily quit her ;
 I'd gi'n her a tune o' my hoboy,
 And set my fancy free,
 And syne play'd up our runawa' bride,
 And litten her tak' the gie.

LONG had I born of love the pain,
 And long in silence dragg'd his chain,
 With resolution ne'er to tell
 The love I bore to Isabel,
 The love, &c.

I CHANC'D

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,
 A new made pulpiteer, ladie,
 With cock'd up hat, and powder'd wig,
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clean, ladie;
 A long gravat at him did wag,
 And buckles at the knee, ladie;
 Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart,
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.
 I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;
 So cease, and let me be, ladie:
 For what, says he? good truth, say I,
 No dominies for me, ladie.
 Ministers stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies conjunct-fee, ladie:
 When books and gowns are all cry'd down,
 No dominies for me, ladie.
 But, for your sake, I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;
 If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,
 And thou's be madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye shou'd chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa; ladie?
 Naething wad be reserv'd for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, ladie.
 At this he angry was, I wat,
 He gloom'd and look't fu' high, ladie;
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, ladie.
 Fare ye well, my charming maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie;
 At the next offer hold him fast,
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.
 Then I returned hame again,
 And coming down the town, ladie,

By my good luck, I chanc'd to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, ladie;
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, ladie.
 Fools on ceremonies stand,
 At twa words we agreed, ladie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
 Where we exchang'd a word, ladie.
 We had nae use for black gowns there,
 We married o'er the sword, ladie.
 Martial drums is music fine,
 Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, ladie;
 Gold, red and blue, is more divine
 Than black, the hue of hell, ladie.

Kings, queens and princes, crave the aid
 Of my brave stout dragoon, ladie;
 While dominies are much employ'd
 'Bout whores and sackloth gowns, ladie.
 Away wi' these whining lowns;
 They look like Lat me be, ladie:
 I've mair delight in roaring guns;
 No dominies for me, ladie.

Tune, *John Anderson my jo.*

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.
 From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.
 But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide;

And

And where frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.
 An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every virtue's aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

Tune, Killicranky.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birsle brae, man ;
 And thro' Tranent e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man :
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another crow, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man :
 The morning fair and clear the air,
 They loos'd with dev'lish thuds, man :
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;
 On Seaton crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them run like dast, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee, when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their brecks,
 And some for fear did fa, man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man ;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earns',
 They were not worth a louse, man ;
 Maist feck gade hame, O fy for shame !
 They'd better staid away, man ;
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

(a) M-----h the great, when her sell shie,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And (b) S-----n keen to clear the een,
 Of rebels far in wrang, man ;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
 Was cleanly out o' fight, man,
 And thought it best, it was nae jest,
 Wi' highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang,
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;

For

(a) M-----h, minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, happened, the night before the battle, to come upon a highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, took his gun away, and carried it as a trophy to Cope's camp.

(b) Mr. S-----n minister of Falla, a volunteer, who bragg'd that he would convince the rebels of their error by the force of his arms having for that purpose five pistols, viz. two in his pockets, two in hulster-cases, and one on his belt,

For (a) Campbell rade, but (b) Myrie said,

And fair he paid the kain, man ;

Fell skelps he got was war than shot,

Frae the sharp edg'd claymore, man ;

Frae many a spout came running out

His reeking red, het gore, man.

But Gardner brave did still behave,

Like to a hero bright, man ;

His courage true, like him were few

That still despised flight, man ;

For king and laws, and country's cause,

In honour's bed he lay, man ;

His life, but not his courage, fled,

While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy soul,

Was brought down to the ground, man,

His horse being shot, it was his lot,

For to get mony a wound, man ;

Lieutenant S----h, of Irish birth,

Frae whom he ca'd for aid, man,

Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,

And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,

'Twas little there he saw, man :

To Berwick rade, and falsly said

The Scots were rebels a', man ;

But let that end, for well 'tis kend,

His use and wont to lie, man ;

The Teague is naught, he never fought,

When he had room to flee, man.

G g 2

But

(a) George Campbell, a wright in Edinburgh.

(b) Mr. Myrie, a student of physick from Jamaica, who was miserably mangled with the broad swords.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, with his last breast,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cried, God save the king---, man.

Some highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste,
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fow bald can tell, how her nain-fell
 Was ne'er so pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Be-west the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain ;
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unko' hacks, and deadly whaks,
 I never saw the like, man,
 Lost hands and heads, cost them their deads,
 That fell near preston dike, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gade to see the fray, man,
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man,
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wist ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

Tune, Down the burn Devies

LONG time I struggled, till at length
The nymph had wearied grown ;
Panting for want of breath and strength,

I gently laid her down.

I heartily did put her to't,

Will you refuse me still ?

She answer'd no, but you may do't,

Altho' against my will.

I flew like lightning to her arms ;

She small resistance made ;

She scarce had tasted of love's charms,

Till she seem'd almost dead.

I kiss'd her lips as cold as lead,

For her blood was sunk below ;

I ask'd at her if she was dead ?

She smiling answer'd, no.

When rising, she return'd a kiss,

And smiling seem'd to say,

If dying were so great a bliss,

Oft cou'd I die each day.

If dying, I could still remain.

Along with strength and breath,

And you the battle to maintain ;

Oh ! then how sweet is death ?

Tune, Love's a gentle gen'rous passion.

LOVE'S a foolish idle passion,
Source of all the plagues of life ;

Soon the fated inclination

Changes to a scene of strife.

Beauty, which at first bewitches,
 Sure will make us soon repent ;
 But the girl that brings us riches
 Brings the means of true content.
 Constant passion brings vexation,
 He best copies those above,
 Who, with boundless inclination,
 Courts as many nymphs as Jove.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common ;
 By heav'n, I all along believ'd
 She was a very woman :
 As such I lik'd, as such carress'd.
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She cou'd do more for no man.
 But, oh ! her thoughts on others ran ;
 And that you think a hard thing ;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man ;
 Why, what care I one farthing ?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take her body, you her mind ;
 Who has the better bargain ?

A CANTATA.

WHILE Strephon on fair Chloe hung,
 And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung ;
 The nymph, in a disdainful air,
 Thus smiling, mock'd the shepherd's care.
 Swain, I know, that you discover
 In my form a thousand charms ;

Can

Can you point me out a lover
Worthy my encircling arms?

Boy, no more approach my beauty,
Till you equal merit boast;

To adore me is a duty,
Thousands witness to their cost.

Stung to the heart, the red'ning swain
On the vain maid retorts again.

Foolish creature, did each feature
Bloom beyond the pride of nature;
Artful feigning, coy disdain,

Vain coquet, destroys them all;
Go o'er-bearing, proud ensnaring;
Lay a thousand fops despairing;
Then complying, fighting, dying,
To some fool a victim fall.

Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving,
Angels all in front appear;
But the sot, their arts believing,
Finds the devil in the rear.

THURSDAY in the morn the nineteenth of May,

Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,

The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;

Let every hand supply his gun,

Follow me, and you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,

To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He

He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire ;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood all of blood
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, sinoak and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallick shore ;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty streamers now no more :
 At six o'clock, the red the smiling victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
 Now death and horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate ;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate ;
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun ;
 Enough thou mighty god of war !
 Now we sing, bless the king,
 Let us drink to every English tar.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland ladie ?
 O my bonny, bonny highland ladie,
 My handsome charming highland ladie ;

May

May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland ladie.

If I were free at will to chuse

To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrows-town,
In all his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady.
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kifs, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland ladie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Synne rows me in his tartan plaidy.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland ladie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour, and unco faucy,
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.

O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely, smiling highland lassie ;
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
 Who make their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd take my Katie, bot a gown,
 And barefoot in her little cottie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or birken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my datie ;
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stien,
 With cockit gun, and ratches tenty ;
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

The mountains clad wi' purple bloom,
 And berries ripe invite my treasure,
 To range with me ; let great folk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure ?

ALEXIS, how artless a lover,
 How bashful and silly you grow !
 In my eyes can you never discover,
 I mean yes, when I often say no.

When

When you pine, and you whine out your passion
 And only entreat for a kiss;
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
 Alexis shou'd ravish the bliss.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town :
 To surrender without it were treason,
 Before that the out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake ;
 He is but a pitiful lover,
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield ;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

A Soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a maid a wife, fir,
 Whose name was buxome Joan ;
 Whose name, &c.

For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her lips at man, fir,
 Nor gnaw the sheets in vain,
 And lie all night alone.

The soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder ;
 And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
 Which he had brought from far, fir,
 In fighting for her sake.

The

The taylor thought to please her,
 By offering her his measure ;
 The tinker too, with metal,
 Said he wou'd mend her kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The sailor sily waiting,
 Thought, if it came about, fir,
 That they should all fall out, fir,

He then might play his part :
 And just e'en as he meant, fir,
 To loggerheads they went, fir,
 And then he let fly at her
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 Which won this fair maid's heart.

By LORD BUCKHURST.

AT noon on sultry summer's day,
 The brightest lady of the May,
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade.

Each slender finger plaid its part,
 With such activity and art,
 As would inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
 He saw no anger in her eye ;
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball :
 But strait gave Strephon such a call,
 As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear

Dear, gentle youth, there's none but thee,
 With innocence I dare be free,
 By so much truth and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
 While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou may'st securely take a nap :
 Which he, poor fool ! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er :
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
 But starting up, she said ;

Such virtue shall rewarded be ;
 For this thy dull fidelity,
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me :
 Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me, mistaken maid.

AWFUL hero, Marlbro', rise !
 Sleepy charms I come to break :
 Hither turn thy languid eyes ;
 Lo ! thy genius calls, awake !

Well survey this faithful plan,
 Which records thy life's great story ;
 'Tis a short, but crowded span,
 Full of triumphs, full of glory.

One by one thy deeds review ;
 Sieges, battles thick appear ;
 VOL. II. H h

Former wonders lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
Here retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy god-like mind
All the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the subject of thy thought !

Rest thee here, while life may last :
Th' utmost bliss to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions past,
And to find 'em great and good.

But 'tis gone---- O mortal born !
Swift the fading scenes remove---
Let 'em pass with noble scorn:
Thine are worlds which roll above.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men who acted wond'rous things,
Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

Foremost in the patriot band,
Shining with distinguish'd day,
See thy friend Godolphin stand !
See ! he beckons thee away.

Yonder seats, and fields of light,
Let thy ravish'd thought explore :
Wishing, panting for thy flight !
Half an angel, man no more.

A RM, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry;
 Let us live free, or let us die;
 Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
 Braving tyrants, chains defying:
 Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
 Let us live free, or let us die;
 Liberty! liberty! liberty! liberty!

Tune, Yellow Stockings.

H EY! my kitten, a kitten,
 Hey! my kitten, a deary;
 Such a sweet pett as this
 Is neither far nor neary:
 Here we go up, up, up;
 Here we go down, down, downy;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.
 Chicky, cockow, my lilly cock;
 See, see, sic a downy;
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to the market,
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mouse, mousy;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe, the wild colt,
 And hear thy own dol dousy.
 Where was a jewel and petty,
 Where was a sugar and spicy;
 Hush a baba in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
 Did a papa torment it?
 Did-e vex his own baby, did-e?
 Hush a baba in a bosie;
 Take ous own sucky: did-e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;
 Slavers a thread o' chrystal.
 Now the sweet posset comes up ;
 Who said my child was pifs'd all ?
 Come water my chickens, come clock.
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you.
 Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him :
 Wha was it that vexed my baby ?
 Where was a laugh and a craw ?
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?
 Goody, good child shall be fed,
 But naughty child shall get nony !
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,
 Here is a child that won't fear ye.
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

By Mr. GAY.

Tune, *Grim King of the Ghosts*, &c.

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
 Will Cupid our mothers obey ?
 Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
 At his flame 'twould have melted away ;
 When he kist me so closely he prest,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd :
 So I thought it both safest and best,
 To marry for fear you shou'd chide.

THE malt-man comes on munday,
 And he craves wond'rous fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,

Syne

Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
And gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For, come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse---then be not blate,
Push baldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:

If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Tune, How can I be sad on my wedding day?

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Tune, Yellow hair'd Ladie.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 Gin I at the boughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, brier, or brekens gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was right fain:
 Thy

Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle, or rin swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ews,

There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At thro' the wood-ladie Bess gars our lugs ring :

But whan my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads o' the Mill,

'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me ;

For tho' they sing nicely, they canna' like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?

And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire.

Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be

To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

A H ! bright Belinda, hither fly,

And such a light discover,

As may the absent sun supply,

And chear the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,

And all my sorrows banish :

Before the sun of thy bright eyes,

All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,

And curse the hoarded treasure :

Why should you love to give us pain,

When you were made for pleasure ?

The petty powers of hell destroy ;

To save's the pride of heaven :

To you the first, if you prove coy,

If kind, the last is given.

The

The choice then sure's not hard to make,
 Betwixt a good and evil :
 Which title had you rather take,
 My goddess, or, my devil ?

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan :
 Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,
 Ho, and ho, derry, hi, and hi, derry,
 Ho, --- derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen
 In lonely walks of willow green,
 Ho, ho, &c.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That, when his words had silence broke,
 You would have thought an angel spoke.

Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he :
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;
 So his false breast, conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.

'Tis false to say we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare ;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love's a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my Damon, or relief ;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy.
 But, whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks, I hear you answer this :
 Whom Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
 Who sees him, loves ; who loves him, dies.
 There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
 But is a witness of my love :
 Now all the bleeters on the plain
 Seem sympathizers in my pain ;
 Echoes repeat my plaintive moans :
 The waters imitate my groans :
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

Tune, Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm, &c.

MAN may escape from rope or gun,
 Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctors's pill :
 Who takes a woman must be undone,
 That basilisk is sure to kill.
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

Tune, An old Woman clothed in grey, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother :
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
 All professions berogue one another ;
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer beknaves the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Relieve the heart you've won,

Believe my vows to you sincere,

Or, Jenny, I'm undone.

You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change

At every face that's new :

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,

Till warm'd by your bright eye ;

And then it kindled in a trice

A flame that ne'er can die :

Then take and try me, you shall find

That I've a heart that's true ;

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one but you.

Tune, The brow of the hill.

THAT beauteous creature, for whom I'm a lover,

I cannot, I will not, I must not discover ;

Yet mark well my song, and some token I'll give,

For she that both kills my heart, and makes it live,

Is either call'd Bella, or Mary, or Ann,

Now guess if you can ? now guess if you can ?

Her stature is tall, and her body is slender ;

Her eyes are most lovely, her cheeks pale and tender ;

Fine pearls are her teeth, and her lips cherry red ;

Her smiles would revive a man though he were dead ;

She'd make one in love, were he never before :

But I say no more, but I say no more.

F I N I S.

I N D E X.

A ARON thus propos'd to Moses,	Page 339
A beggar got a beadle,	73
Accept, Maria, of a heart,	244
Adieu ye streams that smoothly flow,	11
Ah! bright Belinda, hither fly,	367
Ah! Celia's gone, ah! Celia's gone,	16
A hog'shead was offer'd to Bacchus his shrine,	341
Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate,	45
Ah! why is my heart so tender,	241
A ladie and a lassie,	345
Alexis, how artless a lover,	358
Amongst the willows on the grass	132
An ape, a lion, a fox and an ass,	342
And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie,	107
A quire of bright beauties in spring did appear,	257
Arise, sweet messenger of the morn,	236
Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,	363
As a clear silent stream crept pensive along,	27
As afternoon, one summer's day,	263
As down in the meadow I chanced to pass,	170
As from a rock past all relief,	120
As I sat at my spinning wheel,	119
As I went rambling up the street,	298
Ask if yon Adamask rose be sweet,	7
Ask me why I send you here,	234
As near a fountain's flow'ry side,	137
A soldier and a sailor; a tinker and a taylor,	359
As on a sun-shine summer's day,	146
As once reclining on the beech,	201
A southland Jenny that was right bonny,	156
A starving life all day we lead,	48
As swift as time, put round the glass,	297
As tippling John was jogging on,	316
At noon one sultry summer's day,	360
At Polwart on the green	168

I N D E X.

<i>At the silent evening hour,</i>	Page 175
<i>At Winchester there was a wedding,</i>	63
<i>At Upton on the hill,</i>	5
<i>Attend, ye ever tuneful swains,</i>	12
<i>Aurelia, now one moment lost,</i>	146
<i>Awful hero, Marlbro' rise!</i>	361

B ACCHUS, one day gaily striding	309
Beauty from fancy takes its arms,	109
Beneath a beech's grateful shade,	117
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain	99
Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,	44
Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear,	370
Bessy's beauties shine sae bright,	45
Blate Jonny faintly told fair Jean his mind;	165
Blest as the immortal gods is he,	216
Blow, blow, thou summer's breeze,	13
Bright Cynthia's power divinely great,	254
Busy, curious, thirsty fly,	311
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;	150
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,	86
By chreesht and shaint Patrick,	72
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim	330
By the beer as brown as berry,	323
By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,	169
By the gaily circling glass,	329

C ALMS appear when storms are o'er,	247
Calm was the even, and clear was the sky,	174
Can any transports equal those,	68
Can love be controul'd by advice?	364
Can love sincere, devoid of art,	91
Cease, gentle swain, thy am'rous suit forbear,	232
Celia, by these smiling graces,	180
Celia, too late you wou'd repent,	244
Charming Chloc, look with pity	136

I N D E X.

<i>Chast Lucretia, when you left me,</i>	-	Page 138
<i>Chear up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow,</i>		337
<i>Come all ye jolly Bacchinals,</i>	-	624
<i>Come all ye young ladies, whose bus'ness and care</i>		51
<i>Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled</i>	-	186
<i>Come carles a' of fumlbers ha',</i>	-	160
<i>Come, Florinda, lovely charmer,</i>	-	217
<i>Come, gentle god of soft repose,</i>	-	112
<i>Come herē my smirking smiling lass,</i>	-	283
<i>Come, lads, ne'er plague your heads</i>	-	318
<i>Come let us study night and day,</i>	-	126
<i>Come, love, let's walk by yonder spring,</i>	-	121
<i>Come, my fairest learn of me,</i>	-	175
<i>Come to my arms, my treasure,</i>	-	315
<i>Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,</i>	-	80
<i>Cupid instruct an am'rous swain,</i>	-	129
<i>Curst be the wretch that's bought and sold,</i>		292
<i>Cynderaxa, kind and good,</i>	-	195

D AMON ask'd me but once,	-	76
Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,	-	365
Deck'd with flow'rs 'midst the bow'rs,		200
Dejected, as true converts die,	-	55
Did Fanny ask me too unkind?	-	23
Dire love shou'd be check'd by advice,	-	206
Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry,		58
Dumbarton's drums beat bonny--O,	-	38

F AIR Amoret is gone astray,	-	138
Fair and soft, and gay and young,	-	281
Farewel to Lochaber, and farewel my Jean,		251
Farewel to my Gracey, my Gracey so sweet,		289
Farewel, ye green fields and gay groves,	-	273

I N D E X.

<i>Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,</i>	Page 335
<i>Fill the bowl with roſie wine,</i>	320
<i>Flora, goddeſs, ſweetly blooming,</i>	140
<i>Fly no more, cruel fair, but be kind and relenting,</i>	267
<i>Fly ſwiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive,</i>	338
<i>Fond echo, forbear thy light ſtrain,</i>	243
<i>Forgive, fair creature, form'd to pleaſe,</i>	196
<i>For lake of gold ſhe left me,</i>	7
<i>For many unſucceſſful years,</i>	66
<i>For the ſake of ſomebody,</i>	164
<i>Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong,</i>	46
<i>From fair Caliſta's cold diſdain,</i>	199
<i>Free from the tumults and the noiſe</i>	48
<i>From good liquor ne'er ſhrink,</i>	312
<i>From native ſtalk, the province roſe,</i>	139
<i>From o'er the park and meadows fine,</i>	26
<i>From roſy bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,</i>	128
<i>From place to place forlorn I go,</i>	139
<i>Fy! nay! prithee John!</i>	339

G ENTLE in perſonage, conduct and equipage,	93
<i>Go, cruel false one, go,</i>	262
<i>Go, go, false woman, go,</i>	261
<i>Go, lovely roſe,</i>	141
<i>Guardian angels now protect me,</i>	92

H AD I but the wings of a dove,	345
<i>Had ſhe not care enough, care enough,</i>	340
<i>Happy is a country life,</i>	98
<i>Happy, while with ſportive pleaſure,</i>	226
<i>Hark! the bonny Chriſt-church bells,</i>	339
<i>Harſh command! what ceaſe to love you!</i>	18
<i>Haste, haſte, Phillis, haſte,</i>	268
<i>Here are people and ſports,</i>	221
<i>Help me, each harmonious grove,</i>	54

I N D E X.

<i>Hey my kitten, a kitten,</i>	Page 363
<i>Here's to the Dick, this whining love despise</i>	336
<i>Here's to thee, my Damon, lets drink and be merry,</i>	315
<i>How blest are beggar lasses,</i>	134
<i>How blythe, ilk morn, was I to see</i>	35
<i>How comes it, neighbour Dick,</i>	21
<i>How happy are we when the wind is abast,</i>	307
<i>How is it possible, how can I forbear,</i>	282
<i>How jovial was I, when my Susan did smile,</i>	287
<i>How noble was my Damon's air,</i>	207
<i>How pleasant a sailor's life passes,</i>	171
<i>How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,</i>	366
<i>How severe is forgetful old age,</i>	228
<i>How vain and false a woman is,</i>	245
<i>How welcome my shepherd, how welcome to me,</i>	247
I <i>AM a brisk young lively lass,</i>	286
<i>I am wearied grown</i>	77
<i>I chanc'd to meet an airy blade,</i>	347
<i>I die your victim, cruel fair,</i>	264
<i>I envy not Sir Courtly Nice,</i>	1
<i>I had a jolly hawk, and tearfel of my own,</i>	122
<i>I love, I doat, I rave with pain</i>	141
<i>I must have a wife, what so e'er she be :</i>	236
<i>I neither woo the sacred nine,</i>	201
<i>I once was a poet at London,</i>	213
<i>I prithee, send me back my heart,</i>	143
<i>I seek not at once in a female to find,</i>	99
<i>I'll sing to my lover all night and all day,</i>	185
<i>I'll sail upon the dog star,</i>	304
<i>P's tell you in London how I was zero'd of late,</i>	75
<i>I will awa' wi' my love,</i>	43
<i>If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,</i>	65
<i>If its joy to wound a lover,</i>	90

I N D E X.

<i>If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?</i>	Page 110
<i>If love be a fault, and in me thought a crime,</i>	143
<i>If Phillis denies me relief,</i>	306
<i>If those who live in shepherd's bow'r</i>	226
<i>If truth can fix thy wavering mind,</i>	272
<i>If you my wandering heart wou'd find,</i>	18
<i>In all the sex some charms I find,</i>	183
<i>In antient times in Britain's isle,</i>	101
<i>In country quarters still confin'd,</i>	62
<i>In the dark and lonely bower,</i>	209
<i>In this grove my Strephon walkt,</i>	78
<i>In vain my taper burns,</i>	25
<i>In vain, Philander, at my feet,</i>	10
<i>In yonder shade, where late was shown,</i>	57
<i>It was about the Martinmas time,</i>	158
<i>Jack, thou'rt a toper,</i>	340
<i>Jocky he came here to woo</i>	197
<i>Jocky met with Jenny fair,</i>	154
<i>Jolly mortals, fill your glasses,</i>	300
<i>Jolly souls, that are generous and free,</i>	323
<i>Jove, when he saw my Fanny's face,</i>	55

K <i>EEP ye well frae Sir John Malcolm,</i>	271
--	-----

L <i>ATE in an evening forth I went,</i>	252
<i>Lately on yonder swelling bush,</i>	144
<i>Lassie lend me your bra' hemp heckle,</i>	258
<i>Last Sunday at St. James's prayers,</i>	220
<i>Let a set of sober asses,</i>	333
<i>Let's drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,</i>	300
<i>Let's drink, my friends, while here we live,</i>	319
<i>Let not love on me bestow</i>	194
<i>Let me fly into thy arms,</i>	179
<i>Let rakes, for pleasure, range the town,</i>	266

I N D E X.

<i>Let soldiers fight for pray or praise,</i>	Page 325
<i>Life is chequer'd, toil and pleasure,</i>	307
<i>Linco found Damon lying</i>	327
<i>Long by an idle passion tost,</i>	231
<i>Long from the force of beauty's charms,</i>	239
<i>Long had I borne of love the pain,</i>	346
<i>Long, long I scorn'd love's mighty sway,</i>	53
<i>Long time I struggl'd, till at length,</i>	353
<i>Long with undistinguish'd flame,</i>	259
<i>Lost to the joys of life is he,</i>	275
<i>Love's a foolish idle passion,</i>	353
<i>Love never more shall give me pain,</i>	40

M <i>AN may escape from rope or gun,</i>	369
<i>May the ambitious ever find</i>	258
<i>Merry may the maid be</i>	291
<i>Musick sure has charms to move,</i>	344
<i>Musick, thou gentlest power of art,</i>	240
<i>My Patie is a loder gay,</i>	163
<i>My roving heart has oft with pride</i>	17
<i>My Jenny and I have toil'd</i>	81

N <i>ANNY blushes when I woe her,</i>	84
<i>Near Thames green banks,</i>	248
<i>No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs,</i>	196
<i>No more will I my passion hide,</i>	97
<i>No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent town,</i>	97
<i>Not, Celia, that I'm more sincere,</i>	22
<i>Not for thy graceful air alone,</i>	226
<i>Now spring begins her smiling round,</i>	114
<i>Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,</i>	306
<i>Now ponder well, you parents dear,</i>	277
<i>Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,</i>	235
<i>Now the sun's gone out o' sight,</i>	303

I N D E X.

O bserve the fragrant blushing rose,	Page 144
O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,	84
Of all the girls that e'er were seen,	189
Of all the occupations,	321
Oft am I by the women told,	315
Oft has the power of love essay'd,	204
O gentle god of pleasing pain,	233
O gentle shepherd, saw ye pass,	52
O grant me, kind Bacchus,	326
O how Peggy charms me,	200
O heaven! what shall I do,	242
Oh! how rapt'rous 'tis to dream,	19
Oh! the time that is past,	270
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,	305
Old Saturn, that drone of a god,	310
O love! what cruel pangs are these,	264
O Mary, soft in feature,	210
On a bank beside a willow,	191
On a bank of flowers in a summer day,	255
On a mossy bank-reclin'd,	177
On courting I went to my lass,	2
Once in our lives,	334
On his face the vernal rose,	266
One long whitsun holy-day,	224
On thy banks, gentle Stour,	259
On the banks of a river, close under the shade,	144
One summer's even as Strephon rov'd,	233
On whitsunday morning,	163
On yonder bed supinely laid,	195
O stir her up, and had her ga'en,	304
Others fame or wealth pursuing,	209
O what pain it is to part,	124
O wha's that at my chamber door,	80
O wally, wally, up the bank,	107

I N D E X.

P ASTORAs come with myrtle crown'd,	Page 4
Peter White that never goes right,	335
Phillis, as her wine she sip'd in,	314
Phillis, despise not your faithful lover,	135
Phillida, that lov'd to dream,	192
Phillis, the fairest of love's foes,	145
Polly, when your lips you join,	178
Poor Strephon distracted 'twixt hope and despair	125
Pray now, John, let Jug prevail,	129
Pretty Parrot, say, when I was away,	89
Pretty wanton, come away,	202
Princes that rule, and empire sway,	145
Pry'thee, fill me the glass,	340
R ANGING the plain one summer's night,	61
Return homeward my heart again,	147
Return, return, my lovely nymph,	148
Remember, Danion, you did tell,	368
Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny	152
S AW ye Jenny Nettles,	82
Say, good master Bacchus, astride on your but,	318
Say Myra, why is gentle love	96
Say, muse, what numbers will relate,	69
See, I languish, see I faint,	176
Selinda's sure the brightest thing,	225
See, sirs ! see here a doctor rare,	222
See, see the full bowl,	296
Since all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,	106
Since drinking has power to bring us relief,	319
Singing charms the blest above,	1
Since Selinda is my foe,	90
Since you will needs my heart possess,	71
Soft invader of my soul,	8
Some liken man to brittle glass,	313

I N D E X.

<i>Some say kissing's a sin,</i>	Page 271
<i>Some say women are like the sea,</i>	324
<i>Sooner than I'll my love forgoe,</i>	241
<i>Sound, sound the musick, sound it,</i>	218
<i>Sportive Zephyrs, fondly blowing,</i>	9
<i>Stella and Flavia please no more,</i>	24
<i>Stella's bright soul may charm each hour,</i>	25
<i>Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,</i>	181
<i>Sum up all the delights,</i>	305
<i>Sweet echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen</i>	235
<i>Sweet sir, for your courtesie,</i>	41
<i>Sweet tyrant, love, oh! hear me now,</i>	22
<i>Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,</i>	250
<i>Sylvia, on her arm reclining,</i>	135
 T <i>ELL me no more I am deceiv'd,</i>	 354
<i>Tell me no more, ye simple swains</i>	13
<i>That beauteous creature, for whom I'm a lover,</i>	370
<i>The appointed hour of promis'd bliss,</i>	245
<i>The bonny grey ey'd morning begins to peep,</i>	85
<i>The chase is o'er, and on the plain,</i>	345
<i>The Chevalier being void of fear,</i>	349
<i>The collier has a daughter,</i>	149
<i>The gently budding rose behold,</i>	231
<i>The gods, and the goddesses lately did feast,</i>	294
<i>The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,</i>	110
<i>Thee I love, sweet Amoril,</i>	261
<i>The laird who in riches and honour would thrive,</i>	84
<i>The lawland lads think they are fine,</i>	356
<i>The lawland maids gang trig and fine,</i>	357
<i>The longitude miston,</i>	246
<i>The malt-man comes on munday,</i>	364
<i>The man that's contented is void of all care,</i>	265
<i>The meal was dear short syne,</i>	166
<i>The modes of the court so common are grown,</i>	282

I N D E X.

<i>The morn was fair, soft was the air,</i>	-	Page 105
<i>The ordnance board,</i>	-	328
<i>The play of love is now begun,</i>	-	256
<i>The sages of old in prophecy told,</i>	-	326
<i>The sun now lengthen'd ev'ry shade,</i>	-	20
<i>The sun was now withdrawn,</i>	-	70
<i>The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,</i>	-	316
<i>The wanton god, that pierces hearts,</i>	-	95
<i>The wheel of life is turning quickly round,</i>	-	65
<i>The women all tell me I'm false to my lass,</i>	-	293
<i>The yellow-hair'd ladie sat down on yon brae,</i>	-	83
<i>There liv'd, long ago, in a country place,</i>	-	29
<i>There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men,</i>	-	157
<i>There was a wife won'd in a glen,</i>	-	249
<i>There was a jolly beggar, and a begging, &c.</i>	-	237
<i>Think when to pleasure the sports do invite you,</i>	-	96
<i>Thirsis, if you my voice obey,</i>	-	208
<i>Tho' Chloe's out of fashion,</i>	-	56
<i>Tho' for seven years and more</i>	-	39
<i>Tho' women by proud men are scorn'd,</i>	-	230
<i>Thoughtless of all but love and you,</i>	-	67
<i>Thou shepherd, whose intentive eye</i>	-	227
<i>Through all the employments of life,</i>	-	369
<i>Thursday in the morn the nineteenth of May,</i>	-	355
<i>Thus maidens bely their desires,</i>	-	241
<i>Thus, while by you the British arms</i>	-	30
<i>Thy sword within the scabbard keep,</i>	-	248
<i>Tibby has a store of charms,</i>	-	77
<i>'Tis liberty, dear liberty, alone,</i>	-	225
<i>'Tis not on Chloe's heavenly face</i>	-	18
<i>To arms, your ensign straight displays,</i>	-	52
<i>Toby Swill,</i>	-	309
<i>To Celia thus fond Damon said,</i>	-	183
<i>To gain my gentle Jessy,</i>	-	11

I N D E X.

<i>Too late for redress, and too soon for my ease,</i>	Page 113
<i>To toast the fair of Britain's isle,</i>	31
<i>Turn, Sophia, turn away,</i>	259
<i>'Twas early in a morning, a morning of May,</i>	290
<i>Two gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,</i>	332
<i>Two gossips were merrily met,</i>	59

U <i>nderneath a mossy mountain,</i>	267
<i>Underneath this myrtle shade,</i>	320
<i>Under this stone lies Gabriel John,</i>	341
<i>Vain is every fond endeavour,</i>	232
<i>Vainly now ye strive to charm me,</i>	49

W <i>ANTON Cupid cease to hover,</i>	54
<i>Welcome sun and southern showers,</i>	31
<i>We'll drink and we'll never have done boys,</i>	308
<i>We're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,</i>	298
<i>Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,</i>	85
<i>What Cato advises,</i>	335
<i>What can assuage the pain man feels,</i>	232
<i>What charms atack my ravish'd eyes,</i>	206
<i>What is love, fantastick boy,</i>	342
<i>What's the spring breathing violets and rose,</i>	262
<i>What lives are so happy, as those of the fair,</i>	9
<i>What man in his wits had not rather be poor,</i>	195
<i>What pain, Corrina, he indures,</i>	246
<i>What tho' thy face may vie,</i>	16
<i>When absent from my soul's delight,</i>	158
<i>When at my nymph's devoted feet,</i>	98
<i>When Aurora gilds the morning</i>	15
<i>When beauty does her power pursue,</i>	243
<i>When Chloe was by Damon seen,</i>	94
<i>When fair Zelinda came,</i>	238
<i>When Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the green,</i>	178
<i>When first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen,</i>	100

I N D E X.

<i>When first I saw thee, graceful, move,</i>	Page 184
<i>When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,</i>	366
<i>When first my free heart was inspir'd by desire,</i>	229
<i>When first to Cambridge we do come,</i>	337
<i>When I survey Clarinda's charms,</i>	94
<i>When I think on this world's pelf,</i>	297
<i>When I've a sixpence under my thumb,</i>	299
<i>When lovely Phillis thou art kind,</i>	312
<i>When modest Lilia's downcast eyes</i>	205
<i>When my love the other day,</i>	50
<i>When Myra arm'd with frowns her brow,</i>	8
<i>When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence,</i>	68
<i>When summer comes, the swains on Tweed,</i>	118
<i>Whence comes it neighbour Dick,</i>	186
<i>While blooming youth, and gay delight,</i>	33
<i>While our flocks are a feeding,</i>	131
<i>While some for pleasure pawn their health,</i>	36
<i>While some sing of beauty and merit,</i>	275
<i>While Strephon on fair Chloe hung,</i>	354
<i>While the lover is thinking,</i>	320
<i>While the town agrees, that Polly</i>	341
<i>Whilst I listen to thy voice,</i>	193
<i>Whilst on thy dear bosom lying,</i>	177
<i>Whilst the town's brimful of folly,</i>	308
<i>Why, cruel creature, why so bent,</i>	188
<i>Why has not love reflection's eyes?</i>	173
<i>Why so pale and wane, fond lover,</i>	112
<i>Why should a foolish marriage vow,</i>	79
<i>Why shou'd a heart so tender break,</i>	193
<i>Why that sadness on thy brow,</i>	179
<i>Where have you been, my lovely sailor bold,</i>	28
<i>With horns, and with hounds I waken the day,</i>	188
<i>With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,</i>	151
<i>Woo'd and married and a',</i>	212
<i>Would heaven indulge my love sick mind,</i>	239
<i>Would you chuse a wife for a happy life,</i>	133

I N D E X.

<i>Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,</i>	Page 127
<i>Wou'd you know how we meet o'er, &c.</i>	306
<i>Would you paint the charming fair,</i>	6

Y <i>E commons and peers, pray lend me your ears,</i>	343
<i>Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free,</i>	35
<i>Ye heavenly powers who guard the fair,</i>	204
<i>Ye medley of mortals, who make up this throng,</i>	284
<i>Ye minutes, bring the happy hour,</i>	194
<i>Ye nymphs and silvian gods,</i>	103
<i>Ye powers, was Damon then so blest,</i>	214
<i>Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,</i>	37
<i>Yes, all the world must sure agree,</i>	254
<i>Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,</i>	3
<i>Ye swains, whom radiant beauty moves,</i>	50
<i>Ye virgin powers, defend my heart</i>	348
<i>Ye watchful guardians of the fair,</i>	215
<i>You bid me, fair, conceal my love,</i>	274
<i>You say, you love, and twenty more,</i>	114
<i>You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,</i>	185
<i>You've heard, no doubt, how all the globe</i>	329
<i>Young Bacchus, when merry bestriding his butt,</i>	330
<i>Young Cupid, I find,</i>	330
<i>Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,</i>	172
<i>Young Roger of the mill,</i>	161

N. B. The two verses which should have been printed in page 185, being the end of Jocky, will be found at the tail of Jenny, page 182.

